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Hymns of faith and hope

HYMNS

OF

FAITH AND HOPE

Morrison and Gibb, Printers, Edinburgh.

HYMNS

OF

FAITH AND HOPE.

BY

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

SECOND SERIES.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
How we Learn,	1
This Present Evil World,	2
Be True,	4
How Long?	5
Our Mingled Life,	6
All is Well,	11
Be Still,	12
Let us Draw Near,	13
Who are These, and Whence came They?	14
The New Jerusalem,	16
The Incorruptible,	18
The Marriage of the Lamb is come,	20
The Lost Soul,	22
The Blessing-Chain,	25
Praise,	26
Praise to Christ,	27
The Cross and the Crown,	28
The End of the Day,	29
Confession,	30
Christ is All,	32

PAGE

The Love of God, ... 33
The True Bread, ... 35
The First and the Last, ... 36
His Own received Him not, ... 37
In Him we Live, ... 39
Jesu, Still the Storm, ... 40
The Love that Passeth Knowledge, ... 41
Thee, only Thee, ... 42
He is Risen, ... 44
Redeem the Time, ... 47
Musings and Counsels, ... 47
The Good Fight, ... 50
Time and Eternity, ... 51
A Child of Day, ... 52
Sunset by the Sea, ... 54
Lord, Come away, ... 56
He is Coming, ... 58
The Judgment, ... 60
Heaven at Last, ... 62
The Graves of Ocean, ... 64
A Cry from the Depths, ... 67
Have Faith in Truth, ... 69
Life and I, ... 71
Bright Feet of May, ... 72
Vox Matutina, ... 75
Hear my Cry, ... 76
Homewards, ... 78

PAGE

I go to Life, ... 79
The Battle-Song of the Church, ... 81
Pass over to thy Rest, ... 82
He liveth Long who liveth Well, ... 83
The Self-Challenge, ... 85
The Christ of God, ... 87
For Lack of Love, ... 88
The Sin and the Sin-Bearer, ... 90
Is this All? 91
The Great Message, ... 92
The Better Will, ... 93
Hymn of the Last Days, ... 94
Creation in Earnest, ... 97
The Three Weepers, ... 98
He Died and Lives, ... 99
The Anchor within the Veil, ... 101
He Wept over it, ... 102
Begin with God, ... 104
Why Walk in Darkness? 105
The Voice of the Beloved, ... 107
The New Song, ... 108
Bless the Lord, ... 109
The Cry of the Weary, ... 138
Not what these Hands have done, ... 189
Gold and the Heart, ... 190
Sancta Theresa, ... 192
Lord, Thou art Mine, ... 192

PAGE

Zion, Awake! 194
Jerusalem's Day-Spring, ... 195
Fear not, Daughter of Zion 197
Seek the Things Above, ... 199
The Gain of Loss, ... 200

HYMNS

OF

FAITH AND HOPE.

HOW WE LEARN.

GREAT truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl,
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces even the surface of a soul.

Great truths are greatly won, not found by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine,
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems,
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth,
Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest from the well-ploughed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

—o—

THIS PRESENT EVIL WORLD.

"Væ tibi flumen moris humani! Quis resistit tibi? Quamdiu non siccaberis?"—AUGUSTINE.

THE stream was deeper than I thought,
When first I ventured near;
I stood upon its sloping edge
Without a rising fear.

It woke in ripples at my feet,
As the quick breeze swept by,
And caught the sunlight on its face,
Like blossoms from the sky.

It sung its quiet May-day song
To its old summer tune;
And the light willow boughs above
Shook to the glowing noon.

It seemed to stop, then eddied on;
It smiled up to the day;
It deepened, then spread out its waves,
And stole in light away.

O streams of earthly love and joy,
On whose green banks we dwell,
Gleaming in beauty to the eye,
Ye promise fair and well!

Ye charm the sunbeams from the air,
The fragrance from the flowers,
The blossoms from the budding tree,
The wealth of summer hours.

Ye bid us come and take them all
From your enchanted blue;
Ye tell us but to stoop and taste
The joy, and scent, and hue.

Ye lure us, and we venture in,
Cheated by sun and smiles;
Ye tempt us, and we brave your depths
Won by your winning wiles.

Too deep and strong for us! We glide
Down your deceiving wave,

Like men by siren song beguiled
On to a siren grave.

O world, with all thy smiles and loves,
With all thy song and wine,
What mockery of human hearts,
What treachery is thine!

Thou woundest, but thou canst not heal,
Thy words are warbled lies;
Thy hand contains the poisoned cup,
And he who drinks it dies.

O world, there 's fever in thy touch,
And frenzy in thine eye;
To lose and shun thee is to live,
To win thee is to die!

—o—

BE TRUE.

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;

Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—o—

HOW LONG?

MY God, it is not fretfulness
That makes me say "How long?"
It is not heaviness of heart
That hinders me in song;
'Tis not despair of truth and right,
Nor coward dread of wrong.

But how can I, with such a hope
Of glory and of home,
With such a joy before my eyes,
Not wish the time were come,—
Of years the jubilee, of days
The Sabbath and the sum?

These years, what ages they have been!
This life, how long it seems!
And how can I, in evil days,
'Mid unknown hills and streams,
But sigh for those of home and heart,
And visit them in dreams?

Yet peace, my heart, and hush, my tongue;
Be calm, my troubled breast;
Each restless hour is hastening on
The everlasting rest:
Thou knowest that the time thy God
Appoints for thee is best.

Let faith, not fear nor fretfulness,
  Awake the cry, "How long?"
Let no faint-heartedness of soul
  Damp thy aspiring song;
Right comes, truth dawns, the night departs
  Of error and of wrong!

—o—

OUR MINGLED LIFE.

PART I.

BITS of gladness and of sorrow,
  Strangely crossed and interlaid;
Bits of cloud-belt and of rainbow,
  In deep alternate braid;
Bits of storm, when winds are warring,
  Bits of calm, when blasts are stayed;
Bits of silence and of uproar,
  Bits of sunlight and of shade;
Bits of forest-smothered hollow,
  And of open sunny glade;
Stripes of garden and of moorland,
  Heath and rose together laid;
Serest leaf of brown October,
  April's youngest, greenest blade.
Bits of day-spring and of sunset,
  Of the midnight, of the noon;
Snow and ice of pale December,
  Living flush of crimson June.
Sands of Egypt, fields of Sharon,
  Rush of Jordan, sweep of Nile;

Wells of Marah, shades of Elim,
Sinai's frown, and Carmel's smile.
Depths of valley, peaks of mountain,
Stretch of verdure-loving plain;
Barren miles of ocean-shingle,
Fertile straths of smiling grain.
Broken shafts of Tyrian columns,
Rolled and worn by wave and time;
Miles of colonnade and grandeur,
Luxor's still majestic prime.
Truest music, jarring discord,
Voice of trumpet and of lute;
The thunder-shower's loud lashing,
And the dew-fall soft and mute.
Now the garland, now the coffin,
Now the wedding, now the tomb;
Now the festal shout of thousands,
Now the churchyard's lonely gloom.
Now the song above the living,
Now the chaunt above the dead;
The smooth smile of infant beauty,
Age's wan and furrowed head.
These are the mingled seeds,
Some flowers, some idle weeds,
Some crowded, some alone,
With which man's field is sown,
And from which springs the one
Great harvest of a life that can
Be lived but once by man!
With these,—the threads of hope and fear,
Of ill and good,—thou weavest here,

O dweller in this fallen clime,
Thy portion of the web of time!
These are the stones with which, O man,
Thou build'st, too oft without a plan,
Life's lordly hall or lowly cot,
The Babel or the Salem of thy lot.

PART II.

Days of fever and of fretting,
  Hours of kind and blessed calm;
Boughs of cedar and of cypress,
  Wreaths of olive and of palm.
Noons of musing, nights of dreaming,
  Words of love, and ways of strife;
Tears of parting, smiles of meeting,
  Paths of smooth and rugged life.
Moods of sinking, when the spirit,
  Overstrained, is downward borne;
Moods of soaring, when our being
  Springs elastic to the morn;
All the doing and undoing,
  And the doing o'er again;
All the fastening and the loosing
  Of the many-linkèd chain.
Bits of brightening and of darkening,
  Bits of weariness and rest;
All the hoping and despairing
  Of the full or hollow breast.
Bits of slumbering and of waking,
  Heavy tossing to and fro;
Shreds of living and of dying,
  Being's daily ebb and flow.

With these is life begun and closed,
Of these its strange mosaic is composed.
Such are our annals upon earth,
Our tale from very hour of birth,
  The soul's time-history;
Yet of such changes is made up
  The changeless mystery,
Now hidden from our eye,
  Of man's eternity.
    Eternity!—
The sum of time's brief numbers here,
  Thyself unnumbered still;
The issue of all mortal change, thyself
  Unchanged, unchangeable;
The fruit of what we daily feel and see,
  Thyself unseen, invisible!
Formed out of many hues,
  Or dark or bright,
Thyself uncoloured and unmixed,
  All dark or light.
    O wondrous day!—
God's day, not man's, as heretofore;
Christ's hour, not Satan's, as before;
When right shall all be might,
And might shall all be right;
And truth, for ages sorely tried,
By error mocked, reviled, defied,
No longer on the losing side,
Shall celebrate its victory,
And wave its ancient palm on high;
When good and ill unmixed
  Flow on for ever,

Each in its distant channel fixed,
An everlasting river!
Where grief and joy, disjoined,
The true and false untwined,
Each to its destined place,
At the stern sentence, gone,
Shall dwell alone,
Each on its far-off shore,
And see each other's face
No more!
O wondrous day!
When things that are shall pass away!
Earth's skies take on their evening gloom,
And the great sunset come;
When, with far-echoing swell,
Like monarch's funeral knell,
The world's great vesper bell,—
Deeper than that by far,
Which, 'neath St. Saba's evening star,
Sounds over Sodom's sullen sea,
From the grey peaks of Engedi;
Or from red Sinai's fiery slope,
Like wail of earth's expiring hope,
Swings out in wild, slow-pealing strain,
Across Er-Rahah's sandy plain,—
Shall sound o'er earth, and tell
That the great Judge has come,
Long waiting at the door;
Come, too, the day of doom,
So long for man in store.

ALL IS WELL.

IF my bark be strong,
If my anchor sure,
Then let billow upon billow beat;
Am I not secure?
On the dreariest, wildest sea,
What are winds to me?

Up between the stars
Spreads night's tranquil blue;
Not one ruffle, not one wrinkle there
Blots the changeless hue.
Storms of earth for earth are given;
But they reach not heaven!

To that heaven I go,
To that starland bright,
Where the sea is ever smooth and fair,
And the sky all bright;
Never heavy, pale, or dull;
Starland beautiful!

Therefore am I calm,
Peace and love within;
That dear light that on me gently falls,
Casts out fear and sin.
As my home above is, so
Am I now below.

BE STILL.

BE still, my soul; Jehovah loveth thee;
Fret not nor murmur at thy weary lot;
Though dark and lone thy journey seems to be,
Be sure that thou art ne'er by Him forgot.
He ever loves; then trust Him, trust Him still;
Let all thy care be this, the doing of His will.

Thy hand in His, like fondest, happiest child,
Place thou, nor draw it for a moment thence;
Walk thou with Him, a Father reconciled,
Till in His own good time He call thee hence.
Walk with Him now; so shall thy way be bright,
And all thy soul be filled with His most glorious light.

Fight the good fight of faith, nor turn aside
Through fear of peril from or earth or hell;
Take to thee now the armour proved and tried,
Take to thee spear and sword; oh, wield them well;
So shalt thou conquer here, so win the day,
So wear the crown when this hard life has passed away.

Take courage! Faint not, though the foe be strong;
Christ is thy strength; He fighteth on thy side.
Swift be thy race; remember, 'tis not long,
The goal is near; the prize He will provide.

And then from earthly toil thou restest ever;
Thy home on the fair banks of life's eternal
river!

He comes with His reward; 'tis just at hand;
He comes in glory to His promised throne.
My soul, rejoice; ere long thy feet shall stand
Within the city of the Blessed One.
Thy perils past, thy heritage secure,
Thy tears all wiped away, thy joy for ever
sure!

—o—

LET US DRAW NEAR.

WHY stand I lingering without,
In fear, and weariness, and doubt,
When all is light within?
O Thou, the new and living way,
The trembler's guide, the sinner's stay,
My High Priest, lead me in!

I know the mercy-seat is there,
On which thou sitt'st to answer prayer;
I know the blood is shed,
The everlasting covenant sealed,
The everlasting grace revealed,
And life has reached the dead!

Not the mere Paradise below;
The heaven of heavens is opened now,
And we its bliss regain.

Guarded so long by fire and sword,
The gate stands wide, the way restored,
The veil is rent in twain!

Without, the cloud and gloom appear,
The peril and the storm are near,
The foe is raging round;
Then let me boldly enter in,
There end my danger, fear, and sin,
And rest on holy ground.

—o—

WHO ARE THESE, AND WHENCE CAME THEY?

"Et de Hierosolymis et de Britannia æqualiter patet aula cœlestis."—JEROME, *Ep. ad Paulinum.*

NOT from Jerusalem alone,
To heaven the path ascends;
As near, as sure, as straight the way
That leads to the celestial day,
From farthest realms extends;
Frigid or torrid zone.

What matters how or whence we start?
One is the crown to all;
One is the hard but glorious race,
Whatever be our starting-place;—
Rings round the earth the call
That says, Arise, depart!

From the balm-breathing, sun-loved isles
Of the bright Southern Sea,

From the dead North's cloud-shadow'd
pole,
We gather to one gladsome goal,
One common home in Thee,
City of sun and smiles!

The cold rough billow hinders none,
Nor helps the calm, fair main;
The brown rock of Norwegian gloom,
The verdure of Tahitian bloom,
The sands of Mizraim's plain,
Or peaks of Lebanon.

As from the green lands of the vine,
So from the snow-wastes pale,
We find the ever open road
To the dear city of our God;
From Russian steppe, or Burman vale,
Or terraced Palestine.

Not from swift Jordan's sacred stream
Alone we mount above;
Indus or Danube, Thames or Rhone,
Rivers unsainted and unknown;—
From each, the home of love
Beckons with heavenly gleam.

Not from grey Olivet alone
We see the gates of light;
From Morven's heath or Jungfrau's snow
We welcome the descending glow

Of pearl and chrysolite,
And the unsetting sun.

Not from Jerusalem alone
The Church ascends to God;
Strangers of every tongue and clime,
Pilgrims of every land and time,
Throng the well-trodden road
That leads up to the throne.

—o—

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

BATHED in unfallen sunlight,
Itself a sun-born gem,
Fair gleams the glorious city,
The new Jerusalem!
City fairest,
Splendour rarest,
Let me gaze on thee!

Calm in her queenly glory,
She sits, all joy and light;
Pure in her bridal beauty,
Her raiment festal-white!
Home of gladness,
Free from sadness,
Let me dwell in thee!

Shading her golden pavement,
The tree of life is seen,

Its fruit-rich branches waving,
Celestial evergreen.
Tree of wonder,
Let me under
Thee for ever rest!

Fresh from the throne of Godhead,
Bright in its crystal gleam,
Bursts out the living fountain,
Swells on the living stream.
Blessed river,
Let me ever
Feast my eye on thee!

Stream of true life and gladness,
Spring of all health and peace;
No harps by thee hang silent,
Nor happy voices cease.
Tranquil river,
Let me ever
Sit and sing by thee!

River of God, I greet thee,
Not now afar, but near;
My soul to thy still waters
Hastes in its thirstings here.
Holy river,
Let me ever
Drink of only thee.

THE INCORRUPTIBLE.

NO joy is true, save that which hath no end;
No life is true, save that which liveth ever;
No health is sound, save that which God doth send;
No love is real, save that which changeth never.

Heaven were no heaven, if its dear light could fade,
If its fair glory could hereafter wane;
If its sweet skies could suffer stain or shade,
Or its soft breezes waft one note of pain.

And what would be the city of the just,
If time could shake its battlements, or age
Could crumble down its palaces to dust,
Or with its towers victorious warfare wage;

If its pure river could sink low or cease,
Or its rich palm boughs shed the leaf and die;
If there could pass upon its loveliness
One darkening taint of time's mortality;

If its high harmonies could lose their tone,
Or one of its glad songs could silenced be;
If, of its voices, even the feeblest one
Should falter in the glorious melody;

If one of all its stars should e'er grow faint,
Or one of its bright lamps should e'er burn low;

If through its happy air decay's dull taint
Should for a moment its dark poison throw!

But no; its beauty is for ever vernal;
Its glory is the glory of its King,
Undying, incorruptible, eternal;
And ever new the songs its dwellers sing!

Its wandering winds need breathe no balm for healing,
For all is health beneath its loving skies;
Hour welcomes hour, fresh youth and bloom revealing;
There, 'tis not death that lives, and life that dies.

Life lives, and death has died; the rifled tomb
Has yielded back its long-imprisoned clay;
The dreaded conqueror is overcome,
And mortal night is now immortal day.

O heaven of heavens, how true thy life must be
O home of God, how excellent thy light!
O long, long summer of eternity,
Bright noon of angels, ever clear and bright!

Glad jubilee, with nothing to disturb,
When the great *Hallel* of the purgèd earth
Rings round the universe from orb to orb,
As when the sons of God sang o'er its birth.

Then, bondage broken, and the Red Sea passed,
We sing the song of Moses and the Lamb;
Earth's battles o'er, the kingdom won at last,
With joy we join creation's endless psalm.

—o—

THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB IS COME.

ASCEND, Beloved, to the joy,
The festal day has come;
To-night the Lamb doth feast His own,
To-night He with His bride sits down,
To-night puts on the spousal crown,
In the great upper room.

Ascend, Beloved, to the love,
This is the day of days;
To-night the bridal song is sung,
To-night ten thousand harps are strung,
In sympathy with heart and tongue,
Unto the Lamb's high praise.

The festal lamps are lighting now
In the great marriage-hall;
By angel hands the board is spread,
By angel hands the sacred bread
Is on the golden table laid;
The King His own doth call.

The gems are gleaming from the roof,
Like stars in night's round dome;

The festal wreaths are hanging there,
The festal fragrance fills the air,
And flowers of heaven, divinely fair,
  Unfold their happy bloom.

Long, long deferred, now come at last,
  The Lamb's glad wedding day;
The guests are gathering to the feast,
The seats in heavenly order placed,
The royal throne above the rest;
  How bright the new array!

Sorrow and sighing are no more,
  The weeping hours are past;
To-night the waiting will be done,
To-night the wedding-robe put on,
The glory and the joy begun;
  The crown has come at last!

Without, within, is light, is light;
  Around, above, is love:
We enter, to go out no more,
We raise the song unsung before,
We doff the sackcloth that we wore;
  For all is joy above.

Ascend, Beloved, to the life,
  Our days of death are o'er;
Mortality has done its worst,
The fetters of the tomb are burst,
The last has now become the first,
  For ever, evermore.

Ascend, Beloved, to the feast;
Make haste, thy day is come;
Thrice blest are they the Lamb doth call
To share the heavenly festival,
In the new Salem's palace hall,
Our everlasting home!

—o—

THE LOST SOUL.

"O quam grave, quam immite
A sinistris erit ITE."—OLD HYMN.

DESCEND, O sinner, to the woe!
Thy day of hope is done;
Light shall revisit thee no more,
Life with its sanguine dreams is o'er,
Love reaches not yon awful shore;
For ever sets thy sun!

Pass down to the eternal dark,
Yet not for rest nor sleep;
Thine is the everlasting tomb,
Thine the inexorable doom,
The moonless, mornless, sunless gloom,
Where souls for ever weep.

Depart, lost soul, thy tears to weep,
Thy never drying tears;
To sigh the never-ending sigh,
To send up the unheeded cry,
'nto the unresponding sky,
Whose silence mocks thy fears.

Call upon God,—He hears no more;
Call upon death,—'tis dead;
Ask the live lightnings in their flight,
Seek for some sword of hell and night,
The worm that never dies, to smite;
No weapon strikes its head.

Thou livest, and must ever live;
But life is now thy foe;
Thine is the sorrow-shrivelled brow,
Thine the eternal heartache now,
'Neath the long burden thou must bow,
The living death of woe.

Thy songs are at an end; thy harp
Shall solace thee no more;
All mirth has perished on thy grave,
The melody that could not save
Has died upon death's sullen wave,
That flung thee on this shore.

Earth, with its waves, and woods, and winds,
Its stars, and suns, and streams,
Its joyous air, and gentle skies,
Filled with all happy melodies,
Has passed, or, with dark memories,
Comes back in torturing dreams.

Never again shalt thou behold,
As when a bounding boy,
The fresh buds of the fragrant spring,
Its song-birds on their April wing,

And all its vales a-blossoming,
Or summer's rosy joy.

No river of forgetfulness,
As poets dreamed and sung,
Rolls yonder to efface the past,
To quench the sense of what thou wast,
To soothe or end thy pain at last,
Or cool thy burning tongue.

No God is there; no Christ; for HE,
Whose word on earth was COME,
Hath said, DEPART! go, lost one, go,
Reap the sad harvest thou didst sow,
Join yon lost angels in their woe;
Their prison is thy home!

Descend, O sinner, to the gloom!
Hear the deep judgment knell
Send forth its terror-shrieking sound
These walls of adamant around,
And filling to its utmost bound
Thy woful, woful hell.

Depart, O sinner, to the chain!
Enter the eternal cell;
To all that's good, and true, and right,
To all that's fond, and fair, and bright,
To all of holiness and light,
Bid thou thy last farewell!

THE BLESSING-CHAIN.

"Omnis, qui Christum recipit, sapiens; qui autem sapiens, liber; omnis igitur Christianus et liber et sapiens."—AMBROS. *Ep.*

HE who in Christ believeth,
Is wise, is wise;
He who this Christ receiveth,
Alone is wise.

He who this wisdom winneth,
Is free, is free;
He in whose heart it reigneth,
Alone is free.

He who this freedom graspeth,
Is strong, is strong.
He who this freedom claspeth,
Alone is strong.

He who this strength retaineth,
Is good, is good;
He in whom it remaineth,
Alone is good.

He who this goodness findeth,
Is glad, is glad;
He who this goodness mindeth,
Alone is glad.

PRAISE.

PRAISES to Him who built the hills;
Praises to Him the streams who fills;
Praises to Him who lights each star
That sparkles in the blue afar!

Praises to Him who wakes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new-born;
Who draws the shadows of the night,
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight!

Praises to Him whose love has given,
In Christ His Son, the life of heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night!

Praises to Him, in grace who came
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice!

Praises to Him the chain who broke,
Opened the prison, burst the yoke,
Sent forth its captives, glad and free,
Heirs of an endless liberty!

Praises to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness!

To Father, Son, and Spirit, now
The hands we lift, the knees we bow;
To Jah-Jehovah thus we raise
The sinner's endless song of praise!

—o—

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

JESUS, the Christ of God,
The Father's blessed Son,
The Father's bosom Thine abode,
The Father's love Thine own.

Jesus, the Lamb of God,
Who us from hell to raise
Hast shed Thy reconciling blood;
We give Thee endless praise.

God, and yet man, Thou art,
True God, true man art Thou;
Of man, and of man's earth a part,
One with us Thou art now.

Great sacrifice for sin,
Giver of life for life,
Restorer of the peace within,
True ender of the strife.

To Thee, the Christ of God,
Thy saints exulting sing;
The bearer of our heavy load,
Our own anointed King!

True lover of the lost,
From heaven Thou camest down
To pay for souls the righteous cost,
And claim them for Thine own.

Rest of the weary, Thou!
To Thee, our rest, we come;
In Thee to find our dwelling now,
Our everlasting home.

—o—

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

NO blood, no altar now:
The sacrifice is o'er;
No flame, no smoke, ascends on high;
The Lamb is slain no more!
But richer blood has flowed from nobler veins,
To purge the soul from guilt, and cleanse the reddest stains.

We thank Thee for the blood,
The blood of Christ, Thy Son;
The blood by which our peace is made,
Our victory is won:
Great victory o'er hell, and sin, and woe,
That needs no second fight, and leaves no second foe.

We thank Thee for the grace
Descending from above,

That overflows our widest guilt,
The eternal Father's love:
Love of the Father's everlasting Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost, Jehovah, three in One.

We thank Thee for the hope,
So glad, and sure, and clear;
It holds the drooping spirit up
Till the long dawn appear:
Fair hope! with what a sunshine does it cheer
Our roughest path on earth, our dreariest desert here!

We thank Thee for the crown
Of glory and of life;
'Tis no poor with'ring wreath of earth,
Man's prize in mortal strife:
'Tis incorruptible as is the throne,
The kingdom of our God and His incarnate Son.

—o—

THE END OF THE DAY.

COME, for thy day, thy wasted day, is closing,
With all its joy and sun;
Bright, loving hours have passed thee by unheeded,
Thy work on earth undone,
And all thy race unrun.

Folly and pleasure hast thou still been chasing,
With the world's giddy throng;
Beauty and love have been thy golden idols,
And thou hast rushed along,
Still list'ning to their song.

Sorrow and weeping thou hast cast behind thee,
For what were tears to thee?
Life was not life without the smile and sunshine;
Only in revelry
Did wisdom seem to be.

Unclasp, O man, the siren hand of pleasure,
Let the gay folly go!
A few quick years will bring the unwelcome ending;
Then whither dost thou go,
To endless joy or woe?

Clasp a far truer hand, a kinder, stronger,
Of Him the crucified;
Let in a deeper love into thy spirit,
The love of Him who died,
And now is glorified!

—o—

CONFESSION.

O THIS soul, how dark and blind!
O this foolish, earthly mind;

This ever froward, selfish will,
Which refuses to be still !

O these ever roaming eyes,
Upward that refuse to rise ;
These still wayward feet of mine,
Found in every path but Thine !

O these pulses felt within,
Beating for the world and sin,
Sending round the fevered blood
In a fierce and carnal flood !

O this stubborn, prayerless knee,
Hands so seldom clasped to Thee,
Longings of the soul, that go,
Like the wild wind, to and fro ;

To and fro without an aim,
Returning idly whence they came,
Bringing in no joy, no bliss,
Adding to my weariness !

Giver of the heavenly peace,
Bid, O bid, these tumults cease ;
Minister Thy holy balm,
Fill me with Thy Spirit's calm !

Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Leave me not in sin to stray ;
Bearer of the sinner's guilt,
Lead me, lead me, as Thou wilt !

CHRIST IS ALL.

O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay !

O everlasting Light,
Shine graciously within !
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin !

O everlasting Rock,
Sole refuge in distress,
My fort when foes assail and mock,
My rest in weariness !

O everlasting Fount,
From which the waters burst,
The streams of the eternal mount,
That quench time's sorest thirst !

O everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs ;
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
To Thee my spirit clings !

O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true ;
Sure guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too !

O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day.

O everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

O everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.

Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now!

—o—

THE LOVE OF GOD.

O LOVE of God, how strong and true!
Eternal, and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought!

O love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite!

O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

O wide-embracing, wondrous love,
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow!

We read thee in the flowers, the trees,
The freshness of the fragrant breeze,
The songs of birds upon the wing,
The joy of summer and of spring.

We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

We read thee in the manger-bed
On which His infancy was laid;
And Nazareth that love reveals,
Nestling amid its lonely hills.

We read thee in the tears once shed
Over doomed Salem's guilty head,
In the cold tomb of Bethany,
And blood-drops of Gethsemane.

We read thy power to bless and save,
Even in the darkness of the grave;

Still more in resurrection-light,
We read the fulness of thy might.

O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest!

—o—

THE TRUE BREAD.

TRUE bread of life, in pitying mercy given,
Long-famished souls to strengthen and to feed;
Christ Jesus, Son of God, true bread of heaven,
Thy flesh is meat, Thy blood is drink indeed.

I cannot famish, though this earth should fail,
Tho' life through all its fields should pine and die;
Though the sweet verdure should forsake each vale,
And every stream of every land run dry.

True tree of life! of Thee I eat and live;
Who eateth of Thy fruit shall never die;
'Tis Thine the everlasting health to give,
The youth and bloom of immortality.

Feeding on Thee, all weakness turns to power,
This sickly soul revives, like earth in spring;
Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant hour,
This being seems all energy, all wing.

Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head,
Thy Church's life and Lord, Immanuel!
At Thy dear cross we find the eternal bread,
And in Thy empty tomb the living well.

—o—

THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

JESUS, sun and shield art Thou,
Sun and shield for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never.
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.

Jesus, bread and wine art Thou,
Wine and bread for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to feed,
Or refresh us never.
Feed we still on bread divine,
Drink we still this heavenly wine!

Jesus, love and life art Thou,
Life and love for ever!
Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us never.
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

Jesus, peace and joy art Thou,
Joy and peace for ever!

Joy that fades not, changes not,
Peace that leaves us never.
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

Jesus, song and strength art Thou,
Strength and song for ever!
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never.
Still to us this strength and song
Through eternal days prolong.

—o—

HIS OWN RECEIVED HIM NOT.

SURELY, if such a thing could be,
The best of sunlight fell on Thee,
The softest of the stars of night
Shed down on Thee its sweetest light.

Surely, if such a thing could be,
Noon kept its gentlest rays for Thee;
The lightest of the winds of morn
Across Thy weary brow was borne.

The freshest dew that eve ere shed
Fell in its coolness on Thy head,
The fairest of the flowers that bloom
Reserved for Thee their rich perfume.

Yet tho' this earth, which Thou hast made
Its best for Thee might hourly spread,

And tho', if such a thing might be,
The best of sunlight fell on Thee,

Man had no love to give Thee here,
No words of peace, no look of cheer;
No tenderness his heart could move,
He gave Thee hatred for Thy love.

Thy best of love to him was given,
The freest, truest grace of heaven;
His worst of hatred fell on Thee,
His worst of scorn and enmity.

Life, as its gift for him, Thy love
Brought in its fulness from above;
Death, of all deaths the sharpest, he
In his deep hate prepared for Thee.

O love and hate, thus face to face
Ye meet in this strange meeting-place!
O sin and grace, O death and life,
Who, who shall conquer in this strife?

"Father, forgive!" is love's lone cry,
While hatred's crowd shouts "Crucify!"
How deeply man his God doth hate!
God's love to man, how true and great!

Love bows the head in dying woe,
And hatred seems to triumph now;
Life into death is fading fast,
And death seems conqueror at last.

But night is herald of the day,
And hate's dark triumph but makes way
For love's eternal victory,
When life shall live, and death shall die.

—o—

IN HIM WE LIVE.

I KNOW Thou art not far,
My God, from me; yon star
Speaks of Thy nearness, and its rays
Fall on me like Thy touch. Oh raise
These heavy eyes of mine
To see Thy face, even Thine,
My Father and my God!

Thou speakest, and I hear!
What gracious heavenly cheer
Is in Thy gentle speech, my God!
How it lifts off the heavy load
Which bows my weary head,
And checks me in my speed,
My gracious God and Lord!

Thou knowest all I am,
My evil and my shame;
And yet, my God, Thou hat'st me not,
Nor hast Thou once, even once, forgot
Thy handiwork divine,
This helpless soul of mine,
My ever-loving Lord!

Thou wilt be nearer yet;
And one day I shall get
The fuller vision of Thy face,
In all its perfect light and grace,
Seeing Thee as Thou art,
Bearing in heaven my part,
My blessed King and God!

—o—

JESU, STILL THE STORM.

JESU, still the storm!
Only Thou hast power,
In this troubled hour,
To bid our tremblings cease,
And give our spirits peace:
Jesu, still the storm!

Speak the potent word,
"Peace, be still!" and then
Calm returns again;
Each billow hides its crest,
And lays itself to rest:
Speak the potent word!

Jesu, love us still!
Oh, love on, love on,
As Thou hast ever done;
Oh love us to the end,
Our one unchanging Friend:
Jesu, love us still!

Jesu, bless us still!
Bless us on and on,
Till our heaven be won;
Oh bless us evermore,
On Thine own blessed shore:
Jesu, bless us still!

—o—

THE LOVE THAT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

It is Thy perfect love that casts out fear;
I know the voice that speaks the "It is I;"
And in these well-known words of heavenly cheer
I hear the joy that bids each sorrow fly.

Thy name is Love! I hear it from yon cross;
Thy name is Love! I read it in yon tomb;
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me thro' time's thickest gloom.

It blesses now, and shall for ever bless;
It saves me now, and shall for ever save;
It holds me up in days of helplessness;
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.

Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,
I work or wait, still following my guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod;
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

I am all want and hunger; this faint heart
Pines for a fulness which it finds not here;
Dear ones are leaving, and, as they depart.
Make room within for something yet more dear.

More of Thyself, oh, show me hour by hour,
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;
More of Thyself in all Thy grace and power,
More of Thy love and truth, incarnate Word!

—o—

THEE, ONLY THEE.

JESUS, Thy love alone, alone Thy love
Refresheth me;
And for that love of Thine, that freshening love,
I come to Thee.

It is Thy cross alone, alone Thy cross
That healeth me;
And for that cross of Thine, that healing cross,
I come to Thee.

It is Thy blood alone, alone Thy blood
That cleanseth me;
And for that blood of Thine, that cleansing blood,
I come to Thee.

It is Thy death alone, alone Thy death
That quickeneth me;
And for that death of Thine, that quickening death,
I come to Thee.

It is Thy life alone, alone Thy life
That saveth me;
And for that life of Thine, that saving life,
I come to Thee.

It is Thy strength alone, alone Thy strength
That strengthens me;
And for that strength of Thine, that strengthening strength,
I come to Thee.

It is Thy joy alone, alone Thy joy
That gladdens me;
And for that joy of Thine, that gladdening joy,
I come to Thee.

It is Thy light alone, alone Thy light
That cheereth me;
And for that light of Thine, that cheering light,
I come to Thee.

Jesus, Thy grace alone, alone Thy grace
Sufficeth me;
And for that grace, that all-sufficing grace,
I come to Thee.

Saviour, 'tis Thou Thyself, alone Thyself
Art all to me;
And for that all, of everything I need,
I come to Thee.

—o—

HE IS RISEN.

THE tomb is empty: wouldst thou have it full,
Still sadly clasping the unbreathing clay?
O weak in faith, O slow of heart and dull,
To doat on darkness, and shut out the day!

The tomb is empty: He who three short days,
After a sorrowing life's long weariness,
Found refuge in this rocky resting-place,
Has now ascended to the throne of bliss.

Here lay the Holy One, the Christ of God,
He who for death gave death, and life for life;

Our heavenly kinsman, our true flesh and blood,
Victor for us on hell's dark field of strife.

This was the Bethel where, on stony bed,
While angels went and came from morn till even,
Our truer Jacob laid His wearied head;
This was to Him the very gate of heaven.

The Conqueror, not the conquered, He to whom
The keys of death and of the grave belong,
Crossed the cold threshold of the stranger's tomb,
To spoil the spoiler and to bind the strong.

Here death had reigned: into no tomb like this
Had man's fell foe aforetime found his way;
So grand a trophy ne'er before was his,
So vast a treasure, so divine a prey.

But now his triumph ends: the rock-barred door
Is opened wide, and the Great Pris'ner gone.
Look round, and see upon the vacant floor
The napkin and the grave-clothes lie alone.

Yes, Death's last hope, his strongest fort and prison,
Is shattered, never to be built again;
And He, the mighty Captive, He is risen,
Leaving behind the gate, the bar, the chain.

Yes, He is risen who is the First and Last;
Who was and is; who liveth and was dead:
Beyond the reach of death He now has passed,
Of the one glorious Church the glorious Head.

The tomb is empty: so ere long shall be
The tombs of all who in this Christ repose.
They died with Him who died upon the tree;
They live and rise with Him who lived and rose.

Death has not slain them: they are freed, not slain.
It is the gate of life, and not of death,
That they have entered; and the grave in vain
Has tried to stifle the immortal breath.

All that was death in them is now dissolved,
For death can only what is death's destroy;
And when this earth's short ages have revolved,
The disimprisoned life comes forth with joy.

Their life-long battle with disease and pain,
And mortal weariness, is over now;
Youth, health, and comeliness return again,
The tear has left the cheek, the sweat the brow.

They are not tasting death, but taking rest
On the same holy couch where Jesus lay,
Soon to awake all glorified and blest,
When day has broke and shadows fled away.

REDEEM THE TIME.

DEATH worketh,
Let me work too;
Death undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as death my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Time worketh,
Let me work too;
Time undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as time my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Sin worketh,
Let me work too;
Sin undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as sin my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

—o—

MUSINGS AND COUNSELS.

NOT so quickly, fretted spirit,
Lest thy speed but run to waste;
He is stedfast who believeth,
He who trusteth makes no haste.
For the God on whom we call
Will carry us through all;

No plan of His can fail,
Not a wish but must prevail.
He is mighty, He alone;
Let His work be calmly done.
Not so slowly, sluggish spirit,
As if God and time would stay
For thee, the loitering dreamer,
Flinging hours and days away.
Up and toil with all thy might,
Noon is fading into night;
Like the ever-moving wave,
We are rushing to the grave;
Like the swiftly rising dew,
Earth is passing from our view.

Not so gaily, buoyant spirit;
Temper mirth with gentle fear;
Roses wither, leaves are falling,
'Tis not always summer here.
'Tis a brittle, hollow world,
With its brav'ry all unfurled,
Its banners streaming high,
And shouts of revelry.
Its day is coming fast,
And its madness cannot last.
Not so darkly, gloomy spirit;
Here are things of sprightlier hue.
Here are suns, and stars, and rainbows,
And a glorious arch of blue.
Earth is not all tears and woe,
There are bright things here below:

There is verdure on our hills,
There is music in our rills,
There is fragrance in our air,
In our homes the dear and fair.

Not so lightly, jesting spirit;
Do not trifle so with sin;
The gate of life is narrow,
There are few who enter in.
Setting God before thine eyes,
Be boldly good and wise;
Cherish grave and manly thought;
Buy the truth and sell it not;
To thyself and truth be true,
To thy friend be faithful too.
Not so sternly, haughty spirit;
Lay thy loftiness aside;
From thy forehead smooth the furrow,
From thy heart pluck out the pride.
Deal gentle words to all;
Thou, too, may'st err and fall;
Be pitiful and kind,
Leave rugged words behind,
Learn meekly to reprove;
They win who speak in love.

Not so fondly, sanguine spirit;
There is judgment in yon cloud;
There is peril in yon tempest,
And the trumpet speaks aloud.
God is coming in His wrath,
And the lightning ploughs His path;

There is terror on the earth,
And the ruin rushes forth;
There is boding in yon sky,
The Judge is drawing nigh.
Not so hopeless, drooping spirit;
Yon clouds at length will rise,
And beyond them, in the distance,
Spreads a realm of sunny skies.
God's promise standeth fast,
And the glory breaks at last;
Peace is rising out of strife,
Death is dying into life;
Up springs the eternal sun;
Heaven and earth will soon be one.

—o—

THE GOOD FIGHT.

I CAME and saw, and hoped to conquer,
As the great Roman once had done:
His was the one hour's torrent shock of battle;
My field was harder to be won.

I came and saw, but did not conquer;
The foes were fierce, their weapons strong:
I came, I saw, but yet I did not conquer:
For me the fight was sore and long.

They said the war was brief and easy;
A word, a look, would crush the throng:
To some it may have been a moment's conflict;
To me it has been sore and long.

They said the threats were coward bluster;
To brave men they could work no wrong:
So some may boast of swift and easy battle;
To me it has been sore and long.

And yet I know that I shall conquer,
Though sore and hard the fight may be;
I know, I know I shall be more than victor,
Through Him who won the fight for me.

I fight, not fearful of the issue,
My victory is sure and near;
Yet not the less with hand and eye all watchful,
Grasp I my buckler and my spear.

For I must fight if I would conquer;
'Tis not by flight that fields are won:
And I must conquer, if I would inherit
The victor's joy, and crown, and throne.

—o—

TIME AND ETERNITY.

IT is not time that flies;
'Tis we, 'tis we are flying:
It is not life that dies;
'Tis we, 'tis we are dying.
Time and eternity are one;
Time is eternity begun:
Life changes, yet without decay:
'Tis we alone who pass away.

It is not truth that flies;
'Tis we, 'tis we are flying:
It is not faith that dies;
'Tis we, 'tis we are dying.
O ever-during faith and truth,
Whose youth is age, whose age is youth,
Twin stars of immortality,
Ye cannot perish from our sky!

It is not hope that flies;
'Tis we, 'tis we are flying:
It is not love that dies;
'Tis we, 'tis we are dying.
Twin streams, that have in heaven your birth,
Ye glide in gentle joy through earth:
We fade like flowers beside you sown;
Ye are still flowing, flowing on.

Yet we but die to live;
It is from death we're flying:
For ever lives our life;
For us there is no dying.
We die but as the spring-bud dies,
In summer's golden glow to rise:
These be our days of April bloom;
Our July is beyond the tomb.

—o—

A CHILD OF DAY.

ON this bare ocean-islet,
While the slow waves softly play,

And the happy breeze sings by me,
I sit and sigh for day.

I am looking for the dawning,
For the first soft silver ray;
I am looking, looking, looking
For the morning and the day.

'Mid the shadows and the silence
Of the lonely, lonely way,
I am longing, longing, longing
For the morning and the day.

I mark the waning starlight,
And the gentle streaks of grey;
And I'm hoping, hoping, hoping
For the morning and the day.

The pale pure light is springing,
The darkness steals away;
And I'm watching, watching, watching
For the morning and the day.

Shall I close my eyes in slumber,
Shall I dream the hours away,
When I'm waiting, waiting, waiting
For the morning and the day?

Shall I cleave to shades and darkness,
To the chill of mortal clay,
When I'm waiting, waiting, waiting
For the morning and the day?

Shall I love earth's blazing torches,
Its lamps of midnight gay,
When I know that *they* are coming,
The morning and the day?

—o—

SUNSET BY THE SEA.

MY watch upon this sea-swept cliff is done!
I've marked for hours yon slow-descending sun,
And seen him plunge into the golden swell
Of yon bright ocean that he loves so well.

I linger, watching how yon wavelets seem
To miss the glory of the vanished gleam;
And marking how yon summer-blushing blue
Takes on the sadness of the twilight hue.

How can I go? That shadowy, solemn wave
Seems like a loved one's newly covered grave,
And all around, above me, seems to move
The joy and grief of unforgotten love.

I linger o'er the long wave's darkening flow,
But the cold sea-moan bids me rise and go;
And yon faint sun-glow on the quivering main
Says, Go, to-morrrow we shall meet again.

It may be we shall meet as we have done,
And that I greet once more yon matchless sun;

It may be that I come to gaze again
On the pale splendour of yon purple plain.

But tho' no dawn should light these faded skies,
Though that expected sun should never rise,
I have a Sun, whose everlasting gold
Lights up a day that never shall grow old.

I have a Sun within, a Sun above,
A heaven whose radiance is the joy of love:
Earth's suns may sink, and rise again no more;
I need them not on that unchanging shore.

I go where night and darkness never come,
To the dear day-spring of a sinless home;
No pensive musings such as sunset brings!
No bitter heartaches over dried-up springs!

This shore I quit, these rocks, this wondrous sea,
Of all things great the greatest still to me;
These golden gleams of sunset's lingering bliss;
Yon far-off dimple from the dying kiss

Of wave and sky; this gentle, gentle song
Of the lone sea-breeze as it sighs along;
The sweet low ripple-note that comes and goes
From this grey sand-slope where the tide still flows.

These, these I leave; yet, leaving, turn again
To love and muse, yet feel no parting pain;

These are but withered leaves, the goodly tree
Which bears them all remaineth yet for me.

I need not miss the star-beam, if the Star
Abideth still to shine in love afar:
The gift may fade, the Giver still is mine,
With all His love and light and grace divine!

—o—

LORD, COME AWAY!

HAND and foot are weary,
Brow and eye are weary,
Heart and soul are weary:
Lord, come away!

Years are swiftly flying,
Heaven and earth are sighing,
And Thy Church is crying,
Lord, come away!

Broken lies creation,
Shaken earth's foundation,
Anchorless each nation:
Lord, come away!

Kingly props all failing,
Boldest bosoms quailing,
Fear forlorn prevailing:
Lord, come away!

Thrones of ages shaking,
Bonds of empire breaking,
Sullen priesthoods quaking:
Lord, come away!

Evil darkly reigneth,
Nought of love remaineth,
And Thy Bride complaineth:
Lord, come away!

Might the right is wronging,
Sworded millions thronging,
Earth's misrule prolonging:
Lord, come away!

Lonely hearts are singing,
Loyal souls are clinging
To the light upspringing:
Lord, come away!

Calm, 'mid night-winds blowing,
Long has faith been sowing;
See the life-seed growing:
Lord, come away!

'Tis no time for sorrow;
See the glorious morrow,
Its gladness let us borrow:
Lord, come away!

'Tis no time for dreaming;
See the day-spring's gleaming
Through the darkness streaming:
Lord, come away!

Sounds the last long thunder,
Bursts the day of wonder,
Glory, gladness yonder:
Lord, come away!

—o—

HE IS COMING.

HE is coming; and the tidings
Are rolling wide and far,
As light flows out in gladness,
From yon fair morning-star.

He is coming; and the tidings
Sweep through the willing air,
With hope that ends for ever
Time's ages of despair.

Old earth from dreams and slumber
Wakes up and says, Amen;
Land and ocean bid Him welcome;
Flood and forest join the strain.

He is coming; and the mountains
Of Judea ring again;
Jerusalem awakens,
And shouts her glad Amen.

He is coming; wastes of Horeb
Awaken and rejoice;
Hills of Moab, cliffs of Edom,
Lift the long silent voice.

He is coming, sea of Sodom,
To heal thy leprous brine,
To give back palm and myrtle,
The olive and the vine.

He is coming, blighted Carmel,
To restore thy olive bowers ;
He is coming, faded Sharon,
To give thee back thy flowers.

Sons of Gentile-trodden Judah,
Awake, behold, He comes !
Landless and kingless exiles,
Re-seek your long-lost homes.

Back to your ancient valleys,
Which your fathers loved so well ;
In their now crumbled cities
Let their children's children dwell

Drink the last drop of wormwood
From your nation's bitter cup;
The bitterest, but the latest,
Make haste and drink it up.

For He, thy true Messiah,
Thine own anointed King,
He comes, in love and glory
Thy endless joy to bring.

Yes, He thy King is coming
To end thy woes and wrongs,

To give thee joy for mourning,
To turn thy sighs to songs.

To dry the tears of ages,
To give thee, as of old,
The diadem of beauty,
The crown of purest gold.

To lift thee from thy sadness,
To set thee on the throne,
Messiah's chosen nation,
His best-beloved one.

The stain and dust of exile
To wipe from thy weary feet;
With songs of glorious triumph
Thy glad return to greet.

—o—

THE JUDGMENT.

THE last long note has sounded,
The dead from dust to call;
The sinner stands confounded,
With fear on fear surrounded,
As by a sea unbounded,
Before the Judge of all.

No longer now delaying
The hour of dreaded doom;

No more the sentence staying,
No more the cross displaying,
In wrath His throne arraying,
The Judge, the Judge has come!

What wild shrill voice of mourning
Comes up from hill and plain!
Dark spirits, pardon scorning,
Proud hearts, long mercy spurning,
Bold rebels, deaf to warning,
Now cry, but cry in vain!

See how these heavens are rended
By yon sky-filling blast!
Earth's year of grace is ended;
He who in clouds ascended,
Now, with heaven's hosts attended,
Returns, returns at last!

Cease, man, thy God-defying;
Cease thy best Friend to grieve!
Cease, man, thy self-relying;
Flee from the endless dying;
Swiftly thy time is flying;
Embrace the Son and live!

Give up the vain endeavour
To heal thy wounds and woes;
He is of life the Giver,
And from His cross the river,
Which quenches thirst for ever,
All freely to thee flows.

With gush, and gleam, and singing,
See the bright fountain rise!
For thee that fount is springing,
To thee its gladness bringing:
Why then so madly clinging
To vanity and lies?

—o—

HEAVEN AT LAST.

"Denique cœlum."—OLD MOTTO.

ANGEL-VOICES sweetly singing,
Echoes through the blue dome ringing
News of wondrous gladness bringing:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now, beneath us all the grieving,
All the wounded spirit's heaving,
All the woe of hopes deceiving:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Sin for ever left behind us;
Earthly visions cease to blind us,
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See, the strange bright scene expanding!
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

What a city! what a glory!
Far beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Softest voices, silver-pealing,
Freshest fragrance, spirit-healing,
Happy hymns around us stealing:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Gone the vanity and folly,
Gone the dark and melancholy;
Come the joyous and the holy:
Ah, tis heaven at last!

Not a broken blossom yonder,
Not a link can snap asunder;
Stayed the tempest, sheathed the thunder:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a tear-drop ever falleth,
Not a pleasure ever palleth;
Song to song for ever calleth:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Christ Himself the living splendour,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender;
Praises to the Lamb we render:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now at length the veil is rended,
Now the pilgrimage is ended,
And the saints their thrones ascended:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Broken death's dread bands that bound us,
Life and victory around us;
Christ the King Himself hath crowned us:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

—o—

THE GRAVES OF OCEAN.

"The sea gave up the dead which were in it."—
REV. XX. 13.

DEEP down beneath the unresting surge
There is a peaceful tomb:
Storm raves above, calm reigns below;
Safe, safe from ocean's wreck and woe,
Safe from its tide's unceasing flow,
The weary find a home.

Calm shelter from time's vexing winds,
Sure anchorage at last!
The blinding sea-drift blinds not here,
No breaker's boom the sleepers fear,
No angry typhoon hovers near;
Their latest storm is past.

Done now with peril and with toil,
They sleep the blessed sleep:
The last wild hurricane is o'er;
All silent now life's thunder-roar,
All quiet now the wreck-strewn shore:
'Tis *we*, not *they*, who weep.

Who dies in Christ the Lord dies well,
Though on the lonely main;

As soft the pillow of the deep,
As tranquil the uncurtained sleep,
As on the couch where fond ones weep;
And they shall rise again!

Not safer on the sea of glass,
Before the throne of God:
As sacred is that ocean-cave,
Where weeds instead of myrtles wave;
As near to God that unknown grave,
As the dear churchyard's sod.

O'er the loved clay God sets His watch:
The angels guard it well,
Till summoned by the trumpet loud,
Like star emerging from the cloud,
Or blossom from its sheltering shroud,
It leaves its ocean-cell.

The sea shall give them back, though death
The well-known form destroy;
Nor rock, nor sand, nor foam can chain,
Nor mortal prison-house retain:
Each atom shall awake again,
And rise with song and joy.

The cold sea's coldest, hardest depths
Shall hear the trump of God:
Death's reign on sea and land is o'er;
God's treasured dust he must restore;
God's buried gems he holds no more,
Beneath or wave or clod.

When the cold billow covered them,
No solemn prayer was said·
Yet not the less their crown shall be
In the great morn of victory,
When, from their mortal fetters free,
They leave their peaceful bed.

What though to speak the words of love
No dear ones then could come;
Without a name upon their bier,
A brother's or a sister's tear,
Their heaven will be as bright and near
As from their boyhood's home.

Star of the promised morning, rise!
Star of the throbbing wave,
Ascend! and o'er the sable brine
With resurrection splendour shine;
Burst through the clouds with beams divine,
Mighty to shine and save!

O Morning-star! O risen Lord!
Destroyer of the tomb!
Star of the living and the dead,
Lift up at length Thy long-veiled head,
O'er land and sea Thy glories shed:
Light of the morning, come!

Into each tomb Thy radiance pour;
Let life, not death, prevail.

Make haste, great Conqueror, make haste!
Call up the dead of ages past,
Gather Thy precious gems at last,
From ocean's deepest vale.

Speak, mighty Life, and wake the dead!
Like statue from the stone,
Like music from long-broken strings,
Like gushings from deserted springs,
Like dew upon the dawn's soft wings,
Rouse each beloved one!

—o—

A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS.

HERE in Thy royal presence, Lord, I stand:
I give myself, my all, to Thee;
Thou hast redeemed me by Thy precious blood:
Thine only will I be.
No love but Thine, but Thine, can me relieve,
No light but Thine, but Thine, will I receive:
No light, no love, but Thine!

Take, take me as I am! Thou need'st me not:
I know Thou need'st me not at all.
All heaven is Thine, all earth, each morning-star;
High angels wait Thy call.
I am the poorest of Thy creatures, I
The child of evil and dark misery:
Yet take me as I am!

Perhaps Thou overlookest me? Too small
A mote of being for Thine eye
To rest on, or to care for; far beneath
Thine awful majesty.
But still I am a thing of life, I know,
And made for everlasting joy and woe:
Turn not Thine eye away!

Perhaps Thou dost repent of making me?
And yet this, O my God, I know,
That I am made, made by Thine own great hand,
Though least of all below.
Myself I cannot alter or unmake:
O wilt Thou not this soul of mine new-make?
New-make me, O my God!

Perhaps for aught of good I am unfit,
Most worthless and most useless all;
Yet make me but the meanest thing that lives
Within Thy Salem's wall.
I shall be well content, my God, to be,
Or do, or suffer aught that pleaseth Thee:
O cast me not away!

It would not cost Thee dear to bless me, Lord;
A word would do it, or a sign;
It needs no more from Thee, no more, my God;
Thy words have power divine.
And oh, the boundless blessedness to me,
Loved, saved, forgiven, renewed and blest by Thee!
O speak, O speak the word!

Life ebbs apace, my night is coming fast;
My cheek is wan, my hair is grey;
I am not what I was when on me blazed
The noon of youth's bright day.
Make haste to do for me what thus I plead:
O Thou, the succourer of my great need,
O love and comfort me!

I know the blood of Thine eternal Son
Has power to cleanse even me;
O wash me now in that all-precious blood;
Give my soul purity!
Scatter the darkness, bid the Day-star shine,
Light up the midnight of this soul of mine;
Let all be song and joy!

—o—

HAVE FAITH IN TRUTH.

HAVE faith in truth,
And in the True One trust;
Though bright with fancy's brightest hues,
Abhor the lie thou must.

Make sure of truth,
And truth will make thee sure;
It will not shift, nor fade, nor die,
But like the heavens endure.

God's thoughts, not man's,
Be these thy heritage;

They, like Himself, are ever young,
Untouched by time or age.

God's words, not man's,
Be these thy gems and gold;
Be these thy never-setting stars,
Still radiant as of old.

With God alone
Is truth, and joy, and light.
Walk thou with Him in peace and love;
Hold fast the good and right.

Hold fast the true,
For truth can never change;
It grows not old, 'tis ever one,
However vast its range.

Great truths are great,
Not once, but evermore;
Theirs is an everlasting youth,
A spring-bloom never o'er.

The stars that shine
To-night in these calm skies,
Are the same stars that shone of old
In primal Paradise.

The sun that once
At a man's voice stood still,
Is the same sun that nightly sets
Behind yon western hill.

Man and his earth
  Are varying day by day;
Truth cannot change, nor ever grow
  Feeble and old and grey.

—o—

LIFE AND I.

LIFE is the child's frail wreath,
  And I a drop of dew
Upon its fading beauty. In the breath
  Of the still night air came I forth to view,
But with the reddening morn
I silently return
To holy realms unseen,
Where death hath never been,
Where He hath His abode,
Who is my God!

Life is the wind-snapped bough,
  And I a little bird;
My motherland a fairer, calmer clime,
  Whose olive-groves no storm has ever stirred,—
A little bird that came from far
Beyond the evening star,
Alighting in my untired flight
Upon this tree of night.
Yet ere another sun
His race shall have begun,
I shall have passed from sight.
To realms of truer light,

These twilight skies above,
To be with Him I love,
My God, my God!

Life is the mountain lake,
And I a drifting cloud,
Or a cloud's broken shadow on the wave,
One of the silent multitude that crowd,
With ever-varying pace,
Across the water's face.
Soon must I pass from earth
To the calm azure of my better birth,
My sky of holy bliss,
With Him in love and peace
To have my long abode,
Who is my God!

Life is the tossing ark,
And I the wandering dove,
Resting to-day 'mid clouds and waters dark,
To-morrow to my peaceful olive-grove
Returning in glad haste,
Across time's billowy waste,
For evermore to rest
Upon the faithful breast
Of Him who is my King,
My Christ and God!

Life is the changing deep,
And I a little wave,
Rising a moment, and then passing down
Amid my fellows to a peaceful grave;

For this is not my rest,
It is not here I can be blest.
Far from this sea of strife,
With Christ is hid my life,
With Christ my glorious Lord,
My King and God!

Life is a well-strung lyre,
  And I a wandering note
Struck from its cunning chords, and left alone
  A moment in the quivering air to float;
Then, without echo, die;
And upward from this earthly jarring fly,
To form a truer note above,
In the great song of joy and love,
The never-ending, never-jarring song
Of the immortal throng,
Sung to the praise of Him
Who is at once its leader and its theme,
My Christ, my King, my God!

—o—

BRIGHT FEET OF MAY.

TRIP along, bright feet of May,
  Trip along from day to day;
Trip along in sun and showers,
Trip along and wake the flowers;
Trip along the breezy hills,
Trip beside the prattling rills.
  Trip along, in light and song,
  Trip away, all fresh and gay:
  Trip away, bright feet of May!

Trip along, when morning shines,
Trip along, when day declines;
Trip along, when, in the night,
Moon and stars are sparkling bright;
Trip across the sunny sea,
Over cloudland high and free.
Trip along, in light and song,
Trip away, all fresh and gay:
Trip away, bright feet of May!

Trip along the budding wood,
O'er the moorland solitude;
Trip through garden, field, and brake,
Trip beside the gleaming lake;
Revel in the star-loved dew,
Drink the clear sky's summer-blue.
Trip along, in light and song,
Trip away, all fresh and gay:
Trip away, bright feet of May!

Trip along, and, as you move,
Tell the springing earth of love;
Tell of love the sunlight free,
Tell of love the bounding sea,
The love of Him who gave to May
The sweetness of its smiling day.
Trip along, in light and song,
Trip away, all fresh and gay:
Trip away, bright feet of May!

VOX MATUTINA.

EARTH'S lamps are growing dim :
The Church's early hymn
Comes up in slow, soft sound,
Like music from the ground;
Her old prophetic psalm
Fills the deep twilight calm !

Not yet his blossom-wreath
Of beams from climes beneath,
The happy sun has bound
These mountain-peaks around;
Hardly yon cloudlet high
Has caught the radiancy.

Only the stars look pale,
As if some luminous veil
Were passing o'er their face,
Taking, yet adding grace,
Hiding, yet giving light
To these fair gems of night.

The beacon-lights still gleam
Along the ocean-stream ;
Goes up no city smoke,
No city-hum has broke
Earth's sleep, or sounded forth
Another morning's birth.

Shake off from us the night,
O God ! as sons of light,

Prepare us for the day,
That, at the first faint ray
Of morn in eastern skies,
We may with joy arise.

What though night's silence still
Broods over plain and hill,
These shades shall soon be past,
The Day-star comes at last,
And we shall welcome Him
With our clear morning hymn!

—o—

HEAR MY CRY.

O STRONG to save and bless,
My rock and righteousness,
Draw near to me!
Blessing, and joy, and might,
Wisdom, and love, and light
Are all with Thee!

My refuge and my rest!
As child on mother's breast,
I lean on Thee.
From faintness and from fear,
When foes and ill are near,
Deliver me!

Turn not away Thy face,
Withhold not needed grace,
My fortress be!

Perils are round and round,
Iniquities abound ;
  See, Saviour, see!

Come, God and Saviour, come!
I can no more be dumb;
  Appeal I must
To Thee, the gracious One,
Else is my hope all gone:
  I sink in dust!

Oh, answer me, my God!
Thy love is deep and broad,
  Thy grace is true.
Thousands this grace have shared:
Oh let *me* now be heard,
  Oh love *me* too!

Descend, thou mighty love,
Descend from heaven above,
  Fill thou this soul!
Heal every bruisèd part,
Bind up this broken heart,
  And make me whole!

'Tis knowing Thee that heals,
'Tis seeing Thee that seals
  Comfort and peace.
Show me Thy cross and blood,
My Saviour and my God;
  Then troubles cease.

HOMEWARDS.

DROPPING down the troubled river,
To the tranquil, tranquil shore;
Dropping down the misty river,
Time's willow-shaded river,
To the spring-embosomed shore;
Where the sweet light shineth ever,
And the sun goes down no more:
O wondrous, wondrous shore!

Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea;
Dropping down the narrow river,
Man's weary, wayward river,
To the blue and ample sea;
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
Where the sky is fair and free:
O joyous, joyous sea!

Dropping down the noisy river,
To our peaceful, peaceful home;
Dropping down the turbid river,
Earth's bustling, crowded river,
To our gentle, gentle home;
Where the rough roar riseth never,
And the vexings cannot come:
O loved and longed-for home!

Dropping down the eddying river,
With a Helmsman true and tried;

Dropping down the perilous river,
Mortality's dark river,
With a sure and heavenly Guide;
Even Him who, to deliver
My soul from death, hath died:
O Helmsman true and tried!

Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless land;
Dropping down the well-known river,
Life's swollen and rushing river,
To the resurrection land;
Where the living live for ever,
And the dead have joined the band:
O fair and blessed land!

—o—

I GO TO LIFE.

I GO to life, and not to death,
From darkness to life's native sky;
I go from sickness and from pain
To health and immortality.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

I go from poverty to wealth,
From rags to raiment angel-fair,
From the pale leanness of this flesh
To beauty such as saints shall wear.

Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

I go from chains to liberty;
These fetters will be broken soon;
Forth over Eden's fragrant fields
I walk beneath a glorious noon.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

For toil there comes the crownèd rest;
Instead of burdens, eagle's wings;
And I, even I, this life-long thirst
Shall quench at everlasting springs.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

God lives! Who says that I must die?
I cannot, while Jehovah liveth!
Christ lives! I cannot die, but live;
He life to me for ever giveth.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

THE BATTLE-SONG OF THE CHURCH.

FEAR not the foe, thou flock of God;
Fear not the sword, the spear, the rod;
Fear not the foe!
He fights in vain who fights with thee;
Soon shalt thou see his armies flee,
Himself laid low.

Come, cheer thee to the toil and fight:
'Tis God, thy God, defends the right;
He leads thee on.
His sword shall scatter every foe,
His shield shall ward off every blow:
The crown is won.

His is the battle, His the power,
His is the triumph in that hour:
In Him be strong.
So round thy brow the wreath shall twine.
So shall the victory be thine,
And thine the song.

Not long the sigh, the toil, the sweat,
Not long the fight-day's wasting heat:
The shadows come.
Slack not thy weapon in the fight;
Courage! for God defends the right;
Strike home! strike home!

PASS OVER TO THY REST.

FROM this bleak hill of storms,
To yon warm sunny heights,
Where love for ever shines,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God.

From hunger and from thirst,
From toil and weariness,
From shadows and from dreams,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God.

From tides, and winds, and waves,
From shipwrecks of the deep,
From parted anchors here,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God.

From weakness and from pain,
From trembling and from strife,
From watchings and from fears,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God.

From vanity and lies,
From mockery and snares,
From disappointed hopes,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God.

From falsehoods of the age,
From broken ties and hearts,
From suns gone down at noon,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God.

From unrealities,
From hollow scenes of change,
From ache and emptiness,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God.

From this unanchored world,
Whose morrow none can tell,
From all things restless here,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God.

—o—

HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WELL.

HE liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him,
Who freely gave it, freely give,
Else is that being but a dream,
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well;
Who wisdom *speaks* must *live* it too;
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he *lived*, then *spoke*, the true.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

THE SELF-CHALLENGE.

UP, drowsy hopes and loves!
So slow to rise,
And pass above this ring of lower air,
To the wide circle of the pure and fair,
God's upper skies!

Wake, sluggish soul of mine!
So slow to break
The fond old dreams of long, long summer-bloom,
The dear deception of an earthly home:
Awake, awake!

Laden with life's thick clay,
Clinging to dust,
Thou fightest against Him who fights for thee,
Thou claspest still thy bonds and misery:
Yet rise thou must!

Thy treasure is above!
Dost thou repine?
Thy dross is changed to gold, thy gold to dross,
Thy loss to gain, and all thy gain to loss:
God's wealth is thine!

Thy shelter is the cross!
Thy peace the blood;
Thy light and guide the pillar-cloud above;
Thy resting-place the everlasting love
Of God, thy God!

Thy covert is the shade
Of heavenly wings;
Thy trustiest counsellor and bosom-friend,
Who loveth and will love thee to the end,
Is King of kings.

Foe of thy foes is He;
Thy shield and sword;
He takes thy side against the proud and strong,
He keeps thee from the spoiler's hate and wrong,
Thy God and Lord!

No ill can thee betide;
Life's shadiest mood
Brightens to sunshine in love's genial ray,
And sorrow's slowest clouds dissolve in day:
All ill is good.

Cheer up, then, silent soul,
Press blithely on;
Watch not the clouds, nor shiver in the showers;
Heed not the shadows, neither count the hours,
Till heaven be won.

Work and deny thyself;
Take up thy cross:
Follow the Master wheresoe'er He leads,
Be a disciple not in words but deeds;
Shrink not from loss.

Count well, count well the cost,
Nor grudge to pay;
Be it reproach, or toil, or pain, or strife,
Be it the loss of all,—gold, fame, and life:
The end is day!

—o—

THE CHRIST OF GOD.

TO know the Christ of God,
The everlasting Son;
To know what He on earth
For guilty man has done:
This is the first and last
Of all that's true and wise;
The circle that contains all light
Beneath, above, the skies.
Father, unseal my eyes,
Unveil my veilèd heart,
Reveal this Christ to me!

The Christ, the incarnate Son,
The Christ, the eternal Word;
The Christ, heaven's glorious King,
The Christ, earth's coming Lord.
The Christ, the sum of all
Jehovah's power and grace,
God's treasure-house of truth and love,
The brightness of His face.
Father, unseal my eyes,
Unveil my veilèd heart,
Reveal this Christ to me!

The Christ who took man's flesh,
  Who lived man's life below;
Who died man's death for man,—
  The death of shame and woe.
The Christ who from the cross
  Descended to man's grave,
Then rose in victory and joy,
  Mighty to bless and save!
    Father, unseal my eyes,
    Unveil my veilèd heart,
      Reveal this Christ to me!

—o—

FOR LACK OF LOVE.

FOR lack of love I languish,
  For lack of light I pine;
Good Jesu, soothe my anguish,
  And heal this soul of mine;
This soul, whose only rest
Is on Thy soft and loving breast.

For lack of strength I'm sinking;
  O give me strength divine!
And let me still be drinking,
  Each day, the heavenly wine;
The wine that cheers the heart,
And bids its feebleness depart.

For lack of faith I'm failing;
  Hand, heart, and head are low;

Exulting and prevailing,
  Comes on my hellish foe.
Make haste, O Mighty One;
Help, Jesu, or my faith is gone!

For lack of joy, I'm losing
  All heart to work for Thee;
At every pore out-oozing,
  Life goeth fast from me.
Give back my joy and light,
Lest all with these should take their flight.

How little have I known Thee,
  Still less have served and loved;
Yet still I own, I own Thee;
  O keep my soul unmoved!
Teach me true service here,
The service of true love and fear.

I bargain not for blessing,
  I leave that to Thy will;
But keep me from transgressing,
  O keep me faithful still!
O keep me true to Thee,
Unchanged in fervent loyalty!

All that I need Thou knowest,
  Beyond what I can tell;
And all these Thou bestowest;
  Oh, this contents me well!
In Thy wise love I rest,
Knowing how surely I am blest.

THE SIN AND THE SIN-BEARER.

HUMANITY hath sinned!
Not Adam, but the race has met its fall;
Life has gone out from earth:
Who shall that life recall?

He only who is man!
Man and yet God; He can undo the fall;
True flesh and blood of earth,
He can that life recall.

Creation has been struck!
Not Eden, but the universal earth;
All things beneath the sun
Are smitten from their birth.

He only loves and saves!
Whose cross hath borne creation's deadly wrong;
Whose blood shall purge away
Creation's stains ere long.

He, the last Adam, lives;
He died, was buried, and yet liveth still;
Victor o'er hellish hate,
Victor o'er human ill!

His life is life for us!
His joy, His crown, His glory are our own;
For us He fought the fight,
For us He won the throne.

IS THIS ALL?

SOMETIMES *I catch sweet glimpses of His face,*
But that is all.
Sometimes He looks on me, and seems to smile,
But that is all.
Sometimes He speaks a passing word of peace,
But that is all.
Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice
Upon me call.

And is this all He meant when thus He spoke,—
"Come unto me!"
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
In Him for thee?
Is there no steadier light for thee in Him?
Oh come and see.

Oh come and see! Look, and yet look again;
All shall be right;
Come, taste His love, and see that it is good,
Thou child of night!
Oh trust thou, trust thou in His grace and power,
Then all is bright!

Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
But love His love;
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove;
Take Him for what He is; oh take Him all,
And look above!

Then shal. thy tossing soul find anchorage,
And stedfast peace;
Thy love shall rest on His, thy weary doubts
For ever cease.
Thy heart shall find in Him, and in His grace,
Its rest and bliss!

Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all,
For evermore.
Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways,
For evermore.
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul,
For evermore!

—o—

THE GREAT MESSAGE.

"Quo vos magistri gloria, quo salus
Invitat Orbis, sancta cohors Dei
Portate verbum."—OLD HYMN.

APOSTLES of the risen Christ, go forth!
Let love compel.
Go, and in risen power proclaim His worth;
O'er every region of the dead, cold earth,
His glory tell!

Tell how He lived, and toiled, and wept below;
Tell all His love;
Tell the dread wonders of His awful woe;
Tell how He fought our fight, and smote our foe,
Then rose above!

Tell how in weakness He was crucified,
But rose in power;
Went up on high, accepted, glorified:
News of His victory spread far and wide,
From hour to hour.

Tell how He sits at the right hand of God
In glory bright,
Making the heaven of heavens His glad abode;
Tell how He cometh with the iron rod,
His foes to smite.

Tell how His kingdom shall thro' ages stand,
And never cease;
Spreading like sunshine over every land,
All nations bowing to His high command,
Great Prince of Peace!

—o—

THE BETTER WILL.

TO have each day the thing I wish,
Lord, that seems best to me;
But not to have the thing I wish,
Lord, that seems best to Thee.

'Tis hard to say without a sigh,
Lord, let Thy will be done;
'Tis hard to say, My will is Thine,
And Thine is mine alone.

Most truly then Thy will is done,
When mine, O Lord, is crossed;

'Tis good to see my plans o'erthrown,
My ways in Thine all lost.

Whate'er Thy purpose be, O Lord,
In things or great or small,
Let each minutest part be done,
That Thou may'st still be all.

In all the little things of life,
Thyself, Lord, may I see;
In little and in great alike
Reveal Thy love to me.

So shall my undivided life
To Thee, my God, be given;
And all this earthly course below
Be one dear path to heaven.

—o—

HYMN OF THE LAST DAYS.

"Quia iniquitas
Multum excrescit;
Fervida charitas
Heu refrigescit."—OLD HYMN.

"Quantum accedit finis mundi crescunt errores, crebrescunt terrores; crescit iniquitas, crescit infidelitas."
—AUGUSTINE.

HELP, mighty God!
The strong man bows himself,
The good and wise are few,
The standard-bearers faint,
The enemy prevails.

Help, God of might,
In this Thy Church's night!

Help, mighty God!
Evil is now our good,
And error is our truth,
Darkness is now our light,
Iniquity o'erflows.
Help, God of might;
Defend, defend the right!

Help, mighty God!
Men turn their ear away
From the great voice divine,
And each one seeks his own
Dark oracle of lies.
Help, God of might;
The idols, Lord, affright!

Help, mighty God!
Men slight the grace divine,
They mock the glorious love;
And the great gift of God
Is as a thing of nought.
Help, God of might;
The foe arise and smite!

Help, mighty God!
The blind now lead the blind,
Man has become as God,
The tree of knowledge now
Bears its last ripest fruit!

Help, God of might;
For us come forth and fight!

Help, mighty God!
The perfect word of heaven
Is as the Sibyl's scroll,
And the great mount of God
Is as Dodona's shrine.
Help, God of might,
And in the dark give light!

Help, mighty God!
The cross is growing old,
And the great sepulchre
Is but a Hebrew tomb!
The Christ has died in vain!
Help, God of might,
Else shall faith perish quite!

Help, mighty God!
The Christ of ages past
Is now the Christ no more!
Altar and fire are gone,
The victim but a dream!
Help, God of might;
Put the fierce foe to flight!

Help, mighty God!
The world is waxing grey,
And charity grows chill,
And faith is at its ebb,
And hope is withering!
Help, God of might;
Appear in glory bright!

CREATION IN EARNEST.

O EVER-EARNEST sun!
Unwearied in thy work,
Unhalting in thy course,
Unlingering in thy path,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of stedfast
work and praise.

O ever-earnest stars!
Unchanging in your light,
Unfaltering in your race,
Unswerving in your round,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of stedfast
work and praise.

O ever-earnest earth!
Doing thy Maker's work,
Fulfilling His great will,
With all thy morns and evens,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of stedfast
work and praise.

O ever-earnest streams!
Flowing still on and on,
Through vale, or field, or moor,
In darkness or in light,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of stedfast
work and praise.

O ever-earnest flowers!
That with untiring growth
Shoot up and spread abroad
Your fragrance and your joy,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of stedfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest sea!
Constant in flow and ebb,
Heaving to moon and sun,
Unchanging in thy change,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of stedfast work and praise.

—o—

THE THREE WEEPERS.

SORROW weeps!
And drowns its bitterness in tears.
My child of sorrow,
Weep out the fulness of thy passionate grief,
And drown in tears
The bitterness of lonely years.
God gives the rain and sunshine mild;
And both are best, my child!

Joy weeps!
And overflows its banks with tears.
My child of joy,

Weep out the gladness of thy pent-up
heart,
And let thy glistening eyes
Run over in their ecstasies.
Life needeth joy; but from on high
Descends what cannot die!

Love weeps!
And feeds its silent life with tears.
My child of love,
Pour out the riches of thy yearning heart,
And, like the air of even,
Give and take back the dew of heaven;
And let that longing heart of thine
Feed upon love divine!

—o—

HE DIED AND LIVES.

I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood;
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His stedfast throne,
For evermore the same.

The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,

This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

My love is ofttimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows ;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

That which can shake the cross
May shake the peace it gave,
Which tells me Christ has never died,
Or never left the grave.

Till then my peace is sure,
It will not, cannot yield ;
Jesus, I know, has died and lives;
On this firm rock I build.

I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die ;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

The cross still stands unchanged,
Though heaven is now His home ;
The mighty stone is rolled away,
But yonder is His tomb !

And yonder is my peace,
The grave of all my woes !
I know the Son of God has come,
I know He died and rose.

I know He liveth now
At God's right hand above;
I know the throne on which He sits,
I know His truth and love!

—o—

THE ANCHOR WITHIN THE VEIL.

AMID the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears,
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

Drifting across a sunless sea,
Cold, heavy mist encurtaining me;
Toiling along life's broken road,
With snares around and foes abroad,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

Mine is a day of fear and strife,
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age;
Yet in my perilous pilgrimage
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

To Thee I come! ah, only Thou
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow;
Thou, only Thou canst make me whole,
And soothe the fever of my soul!
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

On Thee I rest! Thy love and grace
Are my sole rock and resting-place;
In Thee my thirst and hunger sore,
Lord, let me quench for evermore!
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

'Tis earth, not heaven; 'tis night, not noon;
The sorrowless is coming soon;
But, till the morn of love appears,
Which ends the travail and the tears,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

—o—

HE WEPT OVER IT.

SHOW me the tears, the tears of tender love,
Wept over Salem in her evil day,
When grace and righteousness together strove,
And grace at length to righteousness gave way.

Dread hour of conflict between law and love,
When not from tears couldst Thou, O Christ, refrain;
When grace went forth to save, but, like the dove,
Returned disconsolate, its errand vain!

Theirs the great woe; yet Thine, O Lord, the deep
And awful anguish for their coming fears:
Thou weepèdst because they refused to weep,
And grief divine found vent in human tears.

They closed the ear against Thy tender words;
They chose another lord, and spurned Thy sway:
Thou wouldst have drawn them, but they snapped Thy cords;
Thou wouldst have blessed them, but they turned away.

Thou lovèdst them, but they would not be loved,
And human hatred fought with love divine;
They saw Thee shed the tears of love unmoved,
And mocked the grace that would have made them Thine.

O Son of God, who camest from above
To take my flesh, to bear my bitter cross,
Show me Thy tears, Thy tears of tender love,
That I for Thee may count all gain but loss!

That I may know Thee, and by Thee be known;
That I may love Thee, and may taste Thy love;
That I may win Thee, and in Thee a crown;
That I may rest and reign with Thee above!

—o—

BEGIN WITH GOD.

BEGIN the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn,
To Him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn!
Join the glad woods and hills;
Join the fresh winds and seas and plains,
Join the bright flowers and rills.

Sing thy first song to God!
Not to thy fellow-man;
Not to the creatures of His hand,
But to the glorious One.

Awake, cold lips, and sing!
Arise, dull knees, and pray;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes,
Brush slothfulness away.

Look up beyond these clouds!
Thither thy pathway lies;

Mount up, away, and linger not,
Thy goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight aside!
Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.

Take thy first meal with God!
He is thy heavenly food;
Feed *with* and *on* Him; He with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God!
Let Him go forth with thee;
By stream, or sea, or mountain-path,
Seek still His company.

Thy first transaction be
With God Himself above!
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

—o—

WHY WALK IN DARKNESS?

WHY walk in darkness? Has the dear light vanished,
That gave us joy and day?
Has the great Sun departed? Has sin banished
His life-begetting ray?

Light of the world! for ever, ever shining,
There is no change in Thee;
True light of life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

Thou hast arisen, but Thou descendest never;
To-day shines as the past:
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt be ever,
Brightness from first to last!

Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue;
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And love for ever new!

Why walk in darkness? Our true Light yet shineth;
It is not night, but day!
All healing and all peace His light enshrineth;
Why shun His loving ray?

Are night and shadows better, truer, dearer,
Than day and joy and love?
Do tremblings and misgivings bring us nearer
To the great God of love?

Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
Oh shine each mist away!
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting;
Be our unchanging day!

THE VOICE OF THE BELOVED.

'TIS the Beloved from the glory calls!
I would not, even though I might, delay.
Like a home-greeting the glad summons falls,
And I, unloitering now, must haste away.

'Tis the Beloved from the mountain calls!
The hill of incense, where the gentle day
Rises in balm, and night no more enthrals
The captive earth in its bewildering sway.

'Tis the Beloved from the city calls!
Oh, joy at last to hear the song of day!
It steals all sweetly down from these bright walls,
And bids these cloudy thoughts and dreams give way.

'Tis the Beloved from the palace calls!
He bids me quit these cells of crumbling clay,
Doff the sad sable of these earthly palls,
And join the joy of the immortal lay.

'Tis the Beloved from the feast-board calls!
The Bridegroom bids His Bride no longer stay;
Upward He beckons to the royal halls,
To bask in royal love and light for aye.

'Tis the Beloved from His vineyard calls!
Winter is past, now breathes the fragrant May;
The desert-fasts are o'er, and festivals
Begin: my love, arise and come away!

'Tis the Beloved from the temple calls!
And I, His priest, with willing feet obey.
With stole, and crown, and censer, He instals
His risen priesthood in the new array.

Oh call, Beloved! Heavenly Bridegroom, call!
Am I not listening for the long-loved voice?
Oh keep not silence! Call, Beloved, call,
And bid this longing heart at length rejoice!

—o—

THE NEW SONG.

BEYOND the hills where suns go down,
And brightly beckon as they go.
I see the land of far renown,
The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome; and my haste
To join it cannot brook delay.

O song of morning, come at last,
And ye who sing it, come away!

O song of light, and dawn, and bliss,
Sound over earth, and fill these skies,
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies!

Glad song of this disburdened earth,
Which holy voices then shall sing;
Praise for creation's second birth,
And glory to creation's King!

—o—

BLESS THE LORD.

"Laudet Deum omnis os,
Quia patet nova dos,
De excelso cadit ros,
Et in terra crescit flos
Cujus odor sanat nos."

HYMNUS DE VITA CHRISTI.

SPEAK, lips of mine!
And tell abroad
The praises of thy God.
Speak, stammering tongue!
In gladdest tone,
Make His high praises known.

Speak, sea and earth!
Heaven's utmost star,
Speak from your realms afar!

Take up the note,
And send it round
Creation's farthest bound.

Speak, heaven of heavens!
Wherein our God
Has made His bright abode.
Speak, angels, speak!
In songs proclaim
His everlasting name.

Speak, son of dust!
Thy flesh He took,
And heaven for thee forsook.
Speak, child of death!
Thy death He died;
Bless thou the Crucified!

—o—

THE CRY OF THE WEARY.

O LIGHT of light, shine in!
Cast out this night of sin,
Create true day within:
O Light of light, shine in!

O Joy of joys, come in!
End Thou this grief of sin,
Create calm peace within:
O Joy of joys, come in!

O Life of life, pour in !
Expel this death of sin,
Awake true life within :
O Life of life, pour in !

O Love of love, flow in !
This hateful root of sin
Pluck up, destroy within :
O Love of love, flow in !

O Heaven of heavens, descend !
This cloudy curtain rend,
And all earth's turmoil end :
O Heaven of heavens, descend !

My God and Lord, O come !
Of joys the Joy and Sun,
Make in this heart Thy home :
My God and Lord, O come !

—o—

NOT WHAT THESE HANDS HAVE DONE.

NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul ;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God ;

Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

No other work save Thine,
No meaner blood will do;
No strength save that which is divine
Can bear me safely through.

I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.

His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might:
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

In Him is only good;
In me is only ill:
My ill but draws His goodness forth,
And me He loveth still.

'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away;
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

—o—

GOLD AND THE HEART.

GOLD filleth none!
That which has life
Alone can fill the living;
That which has love
Alone can fill the loving.
Gold is not life or love,
It is not rest or joy;
It withers up the heart,

It shrivels up the soul;
It filleth coffers, hearts it cannot fill.

Gold healeth none!
It has no balm for wounds,
It binds no broken hearts,
It smooths no ruffled brow,
It calms no inner storm;
It cannot buy from heaven
One drop of rain or dew,
One beam of sun or star,
Far less the heavenly shower,
Or light, that has the healing in its wings.

—o—

SANCTA THERESA.

"Mihi oppidum carcer, et solitudo Paradisus est."—JEROME.

"O quoties in eremo constitutus, putabam me Romanis interesse deliciis. . . Ille ego qui ob gehennae metum tali me carcere damnaveram, sæpe choris intereram puellarum. Pallebant ora jejuniis, et mens desideriis æstuabat, . . sola libidinum incendia bulliebant. Sunt qui humore cellularum, immoderatisque jejuniis, tædio solitudinis, ac nimia lectione, vertuntur in melancholiam."—IDEM.

THIS is no heaven!
And yet they told me that all heaven was here,
This life the foretaste of a life more dear;
That all beyond this convent-cell
Was but a fairer hell;

That all was ecstasy and song within,
That all without was tempest, gloom, and sin.
Ah me, it is not so;
This is no heaven, I know!

This is not rest!
And yet they told me that all rest was here,
Within these walls the medicine and the cheer
For broken hearts; that all without
Was trembling, weariness, and doubt:
This the sure ark which floats above the wave,
Strong in life's flood to shelter and to save;
This the still mountain-lake,
Which winds can never shake.
Ah me, it is not so;
This is not rest, I know!

This is not light!
And yet they told me that all light was here,
Light of the holier sphere;
That, through this lattice seen,
Clearer and more serene,
The clear stars ever shone,
Shining for me alone;
And the bright moon more bright,
Seen in the lone blue night
By ever-watching eyes,
The sun of convent-skies.
Ah me, it is not so;
This is not light, I know!

This is not love!
And yet they told me that all love was here,
Sweetening the silent atmosphere;
All green, without a faded leaf,
All smooth, without a fret, or cross, or grief;
Fresh as young May,
Yet calm as autumn's softest day;
No balm like convent-air,
No hues of Paradise so fair!
A jealous, peevish, hating world beyond;
Within, love's loveliest bond:
Envy and discord in the haunts of men;
Here, Eden's harmony again.
Ah me, it is not so;
Here is no love, I know!

This is not home!
And yet for this I left my girlhood's bower,
Shook the fresh dew from April's budding flower,
Cut off my golden hair,
Forsook the dear and fair,
And fled, as from a serpent's eyes,
Home and its holiest charities;
Instead of all things beautiful,
Took this decaying skull,
Hour after hour to feed my eye,
As if foul gaze like this could purify;
Broke the sweet ties that God had given,
And sought to win His heaven
By leaving home-work all undone,
The home-race all unrun,

The fair home-garden all untilled,
The home-affections all unfilled ;
As if these common rounds of work and love
Were drags to one whose spirit soared above
Life's tame and easy circle, and who fain
Would earn her crown by self-sought toil and
pain ;
Led captive by a mystic power,
Dazzled by visions in the moody hour,
When, sick of earth, and self, and vanity,
I longed to be alone or die ;
Mocked by my own self-brooding heart,
And plied with every wile and art
That could seduce a young and yearning soul
To start for some mysterious goal,
And seek, in cell or savage waste,
The cure of blighted hope and love misplaced.

. . . . .

Yet 'tis not the hard bed, nor lattice small,
Nor the dull damp of this cold convent wall ;
'Tis not the frost on these thick prison-bars,
Nor the keen shiver of these wintry stars ;
Not this coarse raiment, nor this coarser food,
Nor bloodless lip of withering womanhood :
'Tis not all these that make me sigh and fret,
'Tis something deeper yet,—
The unutterable void within,
The dark fierce warfare with this heart of sin,
The inner bondage, fever, storm, and woe,
The hopeless conflict with my hellish foe,
'Gainst whom this grated lattice is no shield,
To whom this cell is victory's chosen field.

. . . . .

Here is no balm
For stricken hearts, no calm
For fevered souls, no cure
For minds diseased: the impure
Becomes impurer in this stagnant air;
My cell becomes my tempter and my snare;
And vainer dreams than e'er I dreamt before
Crowd in at its low door.
And have I fled, my God, from Thee,
From Thy glad love and liberty,
And left the road where blessings fall like light,
For self-made by-paths shaded o'er with night?
Oh lead me back, my God,
To the forsaken road,
Life's common beat, that there,
Even in the midst of toil and care,
I may find Thee,
And in Thy love be free!

—o—

LORD, THOU ART MINE.

"Si me laves mox mundabor,
Nisi sanes non curabor."—OLD HYMN.

LORD, Thou art mine,
Send help to me!
Christ, I am Thine,
Deliver me!

Then shall I praise, and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King."

Mercies are Thine,
Remember me!
Sad sins are mine,
Oh pardon me!
Then shall I praise, and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King."

Goodness is Thine,
Lord, pity me!
Evil is mine,
Forsake not me!
Then shall I praise, and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King."

All light is Thine,
Oh shine on me!
Darkness is mine,
Enlighten me!
Then shall I praise, and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King."

True life is Thine,
Breathe it on me!
All death is mine,
Oh quicken me!
Then shall I praise, and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King."

SMOOTH EVERY WAVE.

SMOOTH every wave this heart within;
Let no dark tempest gather there;
Calm every ripple, till my sea
Be, like the polished silver, fair.

One word of old stilled raging wind,
And "Peace, be still!" subdued the wave;
Let that dear word again be heard,
And let the tempest cease to rave.

Jesu! Thy word is mighty still;
Creation knows it; let this heart
Know it in all its grace and power,
Till every tumult thence depart.

—o—

LET US GO FORTH.

HEB. xiii. 13.

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We pass out at the world's wide gate,
Turning our back on all its state;
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

We cannot, and we would not stay;
We dread the snares that throng the way;
We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win;

We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendour of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;
No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man nor self to please.

No sorrow for the loss of fame,
No dread of scandal on our name;
No terror for the world's sharp scorn,
No wish that taunting to return;
No hatred can our hatred move,
And enmity but kindles love.

No sigh for laughter left behind,
Or pleasures scattered to the wind;
No looking back on Sodom's plains,
No listening still to Babel's strains;
No tears for Egypt's song and smile,
No thirsting for its flowing Nile.

No vanity nor folly now,
No fading garland round our brow;
No moody musings in the grove,
No pang of disappointed love;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppressed?
'Tis but a little, and we rest;

This throbbing heart and burning brain
Will soon be calm and cool again.
Night is far spent, and morn is near,—
Morn of the cloudless and the clear!

'Tis but a little, and we come
To our reward, our crown, our home!
Another year, it may be less,
And we have crossed the wilderness,
Finished the toil, the rest begun,
The battle fought, the triumph won!

We grudge not, then, the toil, the way;
Its ending is the endless day!
We shrink not from these tempests keen,
With little of the calm between;
We welcome each descending sun;
Ere morn our joy may be begun.

—o—

THOU BELIEVEST? WHAT THEN?

ART thou a saint? and doth
Thy God thee own?
Call thee a child, an heir, a chosen one,
One with Himself and His beloved Son,
Heir of His crown?

Hast thou the love of Christ
Thy Saviour known?
The love that passeth knowledge, the rich grace
That stooped to poverty and death, to place
Thee on His throne?

Know'st thou the Christ of God,
His cross and love?
Then art thou severed from this drossy earth,
Linked to the city of thy better birth,
The land above!

Dead, yet alive, thou art,
Alive, yet dead;
Thy old life buried in thy Surety's tomb,
Thy new life hid in God 'bove death and doom,
With Christ thy Head!

Thy life is not below,
'Tis all on high!
The Living One now lives for thee above,
The Loving One now pleads for thee in love:
Thou canst not die!

Live then the life of faith,
The life divine!
Live *in* and *on* this ever-living One,
Who bears thee on His heart before the throne:
His life is thine!

Pass on from strength to strength,
Faint not, nor yield;
With girded loins press on, the goal is near;
With ready sword fight God's great battle here:
Win thou the field!

No rest nor slumber now,
Watch and be strong!

Love is the smoother of the rugged way,
And hope, at midnight, as in brightest day,
Breaks forth in song!

—o—

ECCE HOMO!

JESU, Saviour, Son of God,
Bearer of the sinner's load,

Breaker of the captive's chain,
Cleanser of the guilty's stain,

Thou the sinner's death hast died,
Thou for us wast crucified;

For our sin Thy flesh was torn,
Thou the penalty hast borne

Of our guilt, upon the tree,
Which the Father laid on thee!

Saviour, Surety, Lamb of God,
Thou hast bought us with Thy blood;

Thou hast wiped the debt away,
Nothing left for us to pay;

Nothing left for us to bear,
Nothing left for us to share,

But the pardon and the bliss,
But the love, the light, the peace.

I to Thee will look and live,
And, in looking, praises give

Looking lightens, looking heals,
Looking all the gladness seals;

Looking breaks the binding chain,
Looking sets us free again;

Looking scatters all our night,
Makes our faces shine with light;

Looking quickens, strengthens, brings
Heavenly gladness on its wings!

Jesu, Saviour, Son of God,
Bearer of the sinner's load,

I would rise to Thee above,
I would look, and praise, and love;

Ever looking let me be
At the blood-besprinkled tree,

Blessing Thee with lip and soul,
While the endless ages roll.

—o—

THE SINNER'S BURIAL.

"So I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy; and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done."—ECCLES. viii. 10.

WRAPPED in a Christless shroud,
He sleeps the Christless sleep
Above him the eternal cloud,
Beneath, the fiery deep.

Laid in a Christless tomb,
There, bound with felon-chain,
He waits the terrors of his doom,
The judgment and the pain.

O Christless shroud, how cold!
How dark, O Christless tomb!
O grief, that never can grow old!
O endless, hopeless doom!

O Christless sleep, how sad!
What waking shalt thou know!
For thee no star, no dawning glad,
Only the lasting woe.

To rocks and hills in vain
Shall be the sinner's call;
O day of wrath, and death, and pain,
The lost soul's funeral!

O Christless soul, awake
Ere thy last sleep begin!
O Christ, the sleeper's slumbers break!
Burst Thou the bands of sin!

—o—

THE LORD NEEDETH THEE.

JESUS, Thou needest me,
Even me, Thou Light divine;
O Son of God, Thou needest me,
Thou needest sins like mine.

Thy fulness needs my want,
  Thy wealth my poverty;
Thy healing skill my sickness needs,
  Thy joy my misery.

Thy strength my weakness needs,
  Thy grace my worthlessness;
Thy greatness needs a worm like me
  To cherish and to bless.

Thy life needs death like mine,
  To show its quickening power;
Infinity the finite needs,
  The eternal needs the hour.

Earth, with its vales and hills,
  Needeth the daily sun;
This daily sun of ours, it needs
  An earth to shine upon.

This evil, froward soul
  Needeth a love like Thine;
A love like Thine, O loving Christ,
  Needeth a soul like mine.

Thy fulness, Son of God,
  Thus needy maketh Thee;
Thy glory, O Thou glorious One,
  Seeketh its rest in me.

It was Thy need of me
  That brought Thee from above;

It is my need of Thee, O Lord,
That draws me to Thy love.

—o—

BECKON US UPWARD.

BECKON us upward, ever-soaring clouds,
That gleam like fringes of these curtaining skies;
Beckon us up, and, as ye beckon, draw,
O draw us, draw us, and we shall arise!

Beckon us upward, each sky-loving peak,
Whose home is far above these vales of sin;
'Tis earth around us, but from you there breaks
A light which bids us rise and enter in.

The sun is on your heights! and from these cliffs
It speaks to us of love and glory there,
Like some fresh, joyous angel that alights
To call us upward to the good and fair.

It says, the better Sun is just at hand,
And with Him all true dayspring. O great Sun,
Sun of all earth and heaven, ascend and shine,
And let this darkness pass, this night be done.

O happy soul, when this fair Sun shall rise,
And chase thy darkness with His light divine;

O happy earth, when this long day shall break,
And flood with glory these low vales of thine!

—o—

COME, MIGHTY SPIRIT.

COME, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being with Thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine!

As this clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

As from these clouds drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So from Thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

As these fair flowers exhale their scent
In gladness at our feet,
So from Thyself let fragrance breathe,
More heavenly and more sweet.

Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode,
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

IT IS FINISHED.

CHRIST has done the mighty work!
Nothing left for us to do,
But to enter on His toil,
Enter on His triumph too.

He has sowed the precious seed,
Nothing left for us unsown;
Ours it is to reap the fields,
Make the harvest-joy our own.

His the pardon, ours the sin,—
Great the sin, the pardon great;
His the good, and ours the ill,
His the love, and ours the hate.

Ours the darkness and the gloom,
His the shade-dispelling light;
Ours the cloud, and His the sun,
His the day-spring, ours the night.

His the labour, ours the rest,
His the death, and ours the life;
Ours the fruits of victory,
His the agony and strife.

—o—

SOURCE OF ALL LOVE AND POWER.

SOURCE of all love and power,
The soul's true friend and home,

Who on the cross our foe subdued,
Speak Thou the word, and let the good
The evil overcome.

Thou who didst bid the day
Burst from the gloom of night,
Speak, and the darkness shall depart
From the deep midnight of this heart,
And all within be light.

Joy of the saints in light,
Song of the heavens above,
Be Thou the joy of earth below,
Be Thou the song its dwellers know,
Centre of bliss and love!

—o—

TO THE COMFORTER.

MIGHTY Comforter, to Thee
In our feebleness we flee;
Oh, unveil Thy gracious face,
Spread out all Thy wondrous grace!

Strengthener of the poor and weak,
To Thy power for strength we seek;
Heavenly fulness, from above,
Oh descend in blessed love!

Patient Teacher of the blind,
Opener of the sin-sealed mind,

Fix in us Thy sure abode,
And reveal the Christ of God.

Guider of the erring feet
In the waste or busy street,
Lead us thro' life's Babel-crowds,
Through its pathless solitudes.

True Enricher of the poor,
Enter Thou our lowly door;
Let Thy liberal hand impart
Heavenly riches to our heart.

Looser of the bonds of sin,
Oh make haste and enter in;
Break each link, till there remains
Not one fragment of our chains.

Loving Spirit, come, oh come!
Find in us Thy endless home;
Find in this our world below
A dwelling for Thy glory now.

Holy Light, upon us shine
With Thy energy divine;
Heavenly Brightness, break Thou forth
Over this benighted earth.

With the eternal Father one,
One with the eternal Son;
Eternal Spirit, Thee we praise,
Now and through eternal days.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

O LOVE that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

Great love of God, come in,
Well-spring of heavenly peace;
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.

Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill thou each needy one.

Praise to the Father give,
The Spirit and the Son;
Praise for the mighty love
Of the great Three in One.

—o—

ABIDE WITH US.

LUKE xxiv. 29.

'TIS evening now!
O Saviour, wilt not Thou

Enter my home and heart,
Nor ever hence depart,
Even when the morning breaks,
And earth again awakes?
Thou wilt abide with me,
And I with Thee!

The world is old!
Its air grows dull and cold;
Upon its aged face
The wrinkles come apace;
Its western sky is wan,
Its youth and joy are gone.
O Master, be our light,
When o'er us falls the night.

Evil is round!
Iniquities abound;
Our cottage will be lone,
When the great Sun is gone.
O Saviour, come and bless;
Come, share our loneliness;
We need a comforter,
Take up Thy dwelling here.

—o—

THE BRIDAL DAY.

THE Bridegroom comes!
Bride of the Lamb, awake,
The midnight cry is heard;
Thy sleep forsake!

The marriage-day
  Has come; lift up thy head,
Put on thy bridal robe;
  The feast is spread.

Shake off earth's dust,
  And wash thy weary feet;
Arise, make haste, go forth,
  The Bridegroom greet.

Sing the new song!
  Thy triumph has begun;
Thy tears are wiped away,
  Thy night is done!

—o—

THE OLD STORY.

COME *and hear the grand old story,*
  Story of the ages past,
All earth's annals far surpassing,
  Story that shall ever last.
    Noblest, truest,
    Oldest, newest,
    Fairest, rarest,
    Saddest, gladdest,
      That this earth has ever known.

Christ, the Father's Son eternal,
  Once was born, a Son of man;
He who never knew beginning
  Here on earth a life began.

Here in David's lowly city,
  Tenant of the manger-bed,
Child of everlasting ages,
  Mary's infant, lays His head.

There He lies, in mighty weakness,
  David's Lord and David's Son,
Creature and Creator meeting,
  Heaven and earth conjoined in one.

Here at Nazareth He dwelleth,
  'Mid the sin of sinful men,
Sorrowful, forlorn, and hated,
  And yet hating none again.

Here in Galilee He wanders,
  Through its teeming cities moves,
Climbs its mountains, walks its waters,
  Blesses, comforts, saves, and loves.

Words of truth and deeds of kindness,
  Miracles of grace and might,
Scatter fragrance all around Him,
  Shine with heaven's most glorious light.

In Gethsemane behold Him,
  In the agony of prayer,
Kneeling, pleading, groaning, bleeding,
  Soul and body prostrate there.

All alone He wrestles yonder,
  Close beside Him stands the cup,

Bitterest cup that man e'er tasted;
Yet for us He drinks it up.

In the Roman hall behold Him
Stand at Pilate's judgment-seat,
Mocked and beaten, crowned and wounded;
Jew and Gentile join in hate.

On to Golgotha He hastens;
Yonder stands His cross of woe;
From His hands, and feet, and forehead,
See the precious life-blood flow.

Sinless, He our sin is bearing,
All our sorrows on Him lie,
And His stripes our wounds are healing,
God for man consents to die.

It is finished! See His body
Laid alone in Joseph's tomb;
'Tis for us He lieth yonder,
Prince of light enwrapped in gloom.

But in vain the grave has bound Him,
Death has barred its gate in vain:
See, for us the Saviour rises;
See, for us He bursts the chain.

Hear we then the grand old story,
True as God's all-faithful word,
Best of tidings to the guilty,
Of a dead and risen Lord.

'Tis eternal life to know it,
  Light and love are shining there;
While we look, and gaze, and listen,
  All its joy and peace we share.

Hear we then the grand old story,
  And in listening learn the love
Flowing through it to the guilty
  From our pardoning God above.

Glory be to God the Father,
  Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
  Great Jehovah, Three in One!

—o—

WISE WEEPING.

TEARS are not always fruitful; their hot drops
  Sometimes but scorch the cheek and dim the eye;
Despairing murmurs over blackened hopes,
  Not the meek spirit's calm and chastened cry.

Oh, better not to weep than weep amiss;
  For hard it is to learn to weep aright,—
To weep wise tears, the tears that heal and bless,
  The tears which their own bitterness requite.

Oh, better not to grieve than waste our woe,
To fling away the spirit's finest gold;
To lose, not gain, by sorrow; to o'erflow
The sacred channels which true sadness hold.

To shed our tears as trees their blossoms shed,
Not all at random, but to make sure way
For fruit in season, when the bloom lies dead
On the chill earth, the victim of decay:

This is to use the grief that God has sent,
To read the lesson, and to learn the love,
To sound the depths of saddest chastisement,
To pluck on earth the fruit of realms above.

Weep not too fondly, lest the cherished grief
Should into vain, self-pitying weakness turn;
Weep not too long, but seek divine relief;
Weep not too fiercely, lest the fierceness burn.

Husband your tears; if lavished, they become
Like waters that inundate and destroy;
For active self-denying days leave room,
So shall you sow in tears and reap in joy.

It is not tears but teaching we should seek;
The tears we need are genial as the shower;
They mould the being while they stain the cheek,
Freshening the spirit into life and power.

Move on, and murmur not, a warrior thou;
Is this a day for idle tears and sighs?
Buckle thine armour, grasp thy sword and bow,
Fight the good fight of faith, and win the prize.

—o—

ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME.

JERUSALEM,
Thy King at length has come!
Lift up thy voice in song,
No more be dumb.
Happy Jerusalem!
Thy widowhood is done;
Thy mourning days are past,
Thy joy begun.

Zion, rejoice!
Thy glory now returns;
Thy God has come, no more
His anger burns.
City of cities thou!
What beauty shall be thine;
Joy of the blessed earth,
Arise and shine!

Peace, Salem, peace
Be now within thy gates!
To thee earth crowds; on thee
Its grandeur waits.

Thou holy mount of God!
From thee once more ascends
The incense-cloud, the song
That never ends.

—o—

AT LAST!

AT last!
The night is at an end,
The dawn comes softly up,
Clear as its own clear dew;
And weeping has gone out,
To let in only songs,
And everlasting joy.
At last! Amen!

At last!
The Prince of life has come,
The Church is glorified,
The sleepers have awoke,
The living have been changed;
Death has at last been slain,
And the grave spoiled for ever.
At last! Amen!

At last!
The curse is swept away,
The serpent-trail effaced;
The desert smiles with green,
And blossoms like the rose;
'Tis more than Eden now,

Earth has become as heaven.
At last! Amen!

At last!
Satan is bound in chains;
The Church's ancient foe,
Old enemy of Christ,
Has fallen, with all his hosts;
And Babylon the Great
Has sunk to rise no more.
At last! Amen!

At last!
Israel sits down in peace,
Jerusalem awakes;
Her King at length has come,
Messiah reigns in power;
The heavens rejoice and sing,
And earth once more is free.
At last! Amen!

—o—

CREDO, NON OPINOR.

I ASK a perfect creed!
Oh that to me were given
The teaching that leads none astray,
The scholarship of heaven;

Sure wisdom and pure light,
With lowly, loving fear;
The stedfast, ever-looking eye,
The ever-listening ear;

Calm faith that grasps the word
  Of Him who cannot lie,
That hears alone the voice divine,
  Though crowds are standing by.

The one whole truth I seek
  In this sad age of strife,
The truth of Him who is the Truth,
  And in whose truth is life;

Truth which contains true rest,
  Which is the grave of doubt,
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
  And casts the falsehood out.

O true One, give me truth,
  And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
  And set my spirit free.

O Truth of God, destroy
  The cloud, the chain, the war;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be,
  My bright and morning-star!

—o—

UP, MY SOUL, 'TIS DAY!

UP now, my soul, 'tis day!
  Lone night has fled away;
How soft yon eastern blue!
How fresh this morning dew!

All things around are bright ;
Come, steep thyself in light.
  Darkness from earth has gone,
  Wilt thou be dark alone?

Peace rests on yon green hill,
Joy sparkles in yon rill ;
  Join thou earth's song of love,
  That pours from every grove.

Be happy in thy God ;
On Him cast every load,
  To Him bring every care,
  To Him pour out thy prayer.

To Him thy morning praise
With joyful spirit raise,
  The God of morn and even,
  The light of earth and heaven.

Rest in His holy love,
Which daily from above,
  Like His own sunlight comes,
  Down on earth's myriad homes.

Put thou thy hand in His !
Ah, this is safety ; this
  Is the soul's true relief,
  Freedom from care and grief.

Be thou His happy child,
Loved, blessed, and reconciled ;

Walk calmly on, each hour
Safe in His love and power.

Work for Him gladly here,
Without a grudge or fear;
Thy labour shall be light,
And all thy days be bright!

—o—

LUCY.

August 20, 1858.

ALL night we watched the ebbing life,
As if its flight to stay;
Till, as the dawn was coming up,
Our last hope passed away.

She was the music of our home,
A day that knew no night,
The fragrance of our garden-bower,
A thing all smiles and light.

Above the couch we bent and prayed,
In the half-lighted room,
As the bright hues of infant life
Sank slowly into gloom.

Each flutter of the pulse we marked,
Each quiver of the eye;
To the dear lips our ear we laid,
To catch the last low sigh.

We stroked the little sinking cheeks,
The forehead pale and fair;
We kissed the small, round, ruby mouth,
For Lucy still was there.

We fondly smoothed the scattered curls
Of her rich golden hair;
We held the gentle palm in ours,
For Lucy still was there.

At last the fluttering pulse stood still;
The death-frost through her clay
Stole slowly; and, as morn came up,
Our sweet flower passed away.

The form remained; but there was now
No soul our love to share,
No warm responding lip to kiss,
For Lucy was not there.

Farewell, with weeping hearts we said,
Child of our love and care!
And then we ceased to kiss those lips,
For Lucy was not there.

But years are moving quickly past,
And time will soon be o'er;
Death shall be swallowed up of life
On the immortal shore.

Then shall we clasp that hand once more,
And smooth that golden hair;

Then shall we kiss those lips again,
When Lucy shall be there.

—o—

ON THE THRESHOLD.

I'M returning, not departing;
My steps are homeward bound:
I quit the land of strangers
For a home on native ground.

I am rising, and not setting;
This is not night, but day:
Not in darkness, but in sunshine,
Like a star I fade away.

All is well with me for ever;
I do not fear to go:
My tide is but beginning
Its bright eternal flow.

I am leaving only shadows,
For the true, and fair, and good:
I must not, cannot linger;
I would not, though I could.

This is not death's dark portal,
'Tis life's golden gate to me;
Link after link is broken,
And I at last am free.

I am going to the angels,
I am going to my God;

I know the hand that beckons,
I see the holy road.

Why grieve me with your weeping?
Your tears are all in vain;
An hour's farewell, beloved,
And we shall meet again.

Jesus, Thou wilt receive me,
And welcome me above;
This sunshine, which now fills me,
Is Thine own smile of love.

—o—

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

IN the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To wake the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand,
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke, do with us as Thou wilt;
Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

TO MY YOUNGEST-BORN.

April 2, 1860.

THIS day of war and weariness
Will soon with me be done;
But thine, my child of love and joy,
Is only now begun.

Time's years of fever and unrest
Are nearly run for me;
But life, with all its ill and good,
Is still in store for thee.

My flowers have faded, and my fruit
Is dropping from the tree;
The blossoms of the golden year
Are opening all on thee.

My harvest, with its gathered sheaves,
Is almost over now;
But thine is coming up, my child,
When I am lying low.

'Tis May, all May upon thy cheek,
'Tis autumn now on mine;
The chill of eve is on my brow,
The dew of morn on thine.

I've seen what thou art yet to see,
And felt what thou must feel;

I know each winding of the way,
Each rock, and stream, and hill.

My eyes shall ere long weep their last,
Their springs will soon run dry;
But all thy tears are yet to flow,
Ere thou shalt rest on high.

The farewells dying on my lips
Are living still on thine;
'Tis sunrise on thy glowing peaks,
'Tis sunset upon mine.

I leave the banquet-hall of time
As thou art coming in;
Take thou my place, and be thy feast
Sweeter than mine has been.

I quit the battlefield of life,
I give my sword to thee;
It is thy father's father's sword,
It leads to victory.

I leave the warfare and the work,
The watching and the way,
For thee to finish, when this head
Rests on its couch of clay.

Go, then, fill up with useful deeds
Thy threescore years and ten,
Till He, who bade thee rise and work,
Bids thee lie down again.

Then lay thee down and rest, as all
  Thy fathers have lain down,
Waiting the resurrection-joy,
  The glory and the crown!

—o—

SUMMER OF THE SILENT HEART.

'TWAS summer, and its youngest kiss
  Fell on the rose-red lip of June;
Veiled in delicious haze, the sun
  Made, for our vale, its tenderest noon.

The gentlest of all gentle winds
  Stole o'er the silver of the stream
'Twas summer lapt in autumn's sleep,
  The stillness of spring's stillest dream.

Away, away, among the woods,
  Where winds are rambling, let me too
Rove, feeding on the summer air,
  Tasting the freshness of its dew.

O summer of the silent heart,
  How rich the song your sunshine sings!
O luxury of tranquil thought,
  This dreamy hour of sunshine brings!

O sunshine of the laughing lip,
  Soften your colours for a day;
Take on this mild and mellow light,
  Mingle the quiet with the gay.

O shadows of the pensive heart,
Glow into sunlight, as the love
Comes down, in ever-gushing streams,
From the great heart of God above.

The shadow and the sunlight thus
God tempers for us here below,
Mixing for us the joy and fear,
The safest cup for man below.

—o—

USE ME.

MAKE use of me, my God!
Let me not be forgot;
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not.

I am Thy creature, Lord,
And made by hands divine;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of Thine.

Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak and little hill:
My God, oh use me too!

Thou usest tree and flower,
  The rivers vast and small,
The eagle great, the little bird
  That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,
  The little hidden lake,
The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
  The lily in the brake.

The huge rock in the vale,
  The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
  The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve Thee here,
  All creatures great and small;
Make use of me, of me, my God,
  The meanest of them all!

—o—

THE TWO PROPHETS.

WRAP thyself up in night; speak low,
  not loud;
Spread shining mist along a solemn page;
Be like a voice half-heard from hollow cloud,
  And thou shalt be the prophet of the age.

Conceal thy thought in words, or, better still,
  Conceal thy *want* of thought, and thou
    shalt be

Poet and prophet, sage and oracle,
A thing of wonder, worship, mystery.

Coin some new mystic dialect and style,
Pile up thy broken rainbows page on page;
With dim dissolving views the eye beguile,
And thou shalt be the poet of the age.

Old bards and thinkers could their wisdom tell
In words of light which all might understand;
They had great things to say, and said them well,
To far-off ages of their listening land.

Such was old Milton, such was Bacon wise,
Such all the greatly good and nobly true;
High thoughts were theirs, kin to the boundless skies,
But words translucent as the twilight dew.

Be ever like earth's greatest, truest, soundest,
Be like the prophets of the prophet-land;
Be like the Master, simplest when profoundest,
Speak that thy fellow-men may understand.

Old streams of earth, sing on in happy choir;
Old sea, roll on your bright waves to the shore;
Tune, ancient wind, tune your still cunning lyre,
And sing the simple song you sung of yore.

Dear arch of heaven, pure veil of lucid blue,
Star-loving hills, immoveable and calm,
Fresh fields of earth, and undefilèd dew,
Chant, as in ages past, your glorious psalm.

I love the ringing of your childlike notes,
The music of your warm transparent song;
And my heart throbs, as blithely o'er me floats
Your endless echo, sweet, and glad, and young.

Your old is ever new; perpetual youth
Sits on your brow, a God-given heritage.
Even thus, in her fair evergreen, old truth
Stands, without waste, or weariness, or age.

Unchanged in her clear speech and simple song,
Earth utters its old wisdom all around.
Ours be, like hers, a voice distinct and strong,
Speech as unmuffled, wisdom as profound.

All mystery is defect; and cloudy words
Are feebleness, not strength,—are loss, not gain.
Men win no victories with spectre-swords;
The phantom barque ploughs the broad sea in vain.

If thou hast aught to say, or small or great,
Speak with a clear, true voice; all mysteries
Are but man's poor attempts to imitate
The hidden wisdom of the Only Wise.

The day of Delphic oracles is past ;
  All mimic wisdom is a broken reed ;
The gorgeous mountain-mist rolls up at last,
  Clouds quench no thirst, and flowers no
    hunger feed.

Translations and Imitations.

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

SABBATH HYMN.

Imitated from Ephraem (the Syrian).

GLORY to the glorious One!
Good and great our God alone,
Who this day hath glorified
First and best of all beside,
Making it for every clime
Of all times the sweetest time.

From the beginning, day of days,
Set apart for holy praise,
When He bade the willing earth
All its hidden stores bring forth,
When He made the shining heaven,
Then to man this day was given.

On this day the Son of God
Left His three days' dark abode,
In the greatness of His might
Rising to the upper light.
On this day the Church puts on
Glory, beauty, robe, and crown.

On this day of days, the Lord,
Faithful to His ancient word,
On His burning chariot borne,
Shall in majesty return.
King of kings, He comes in might,
From His heavenly home of light,

To His own Jerusalem,
Old Judea's brightest gem;
To the hill of Jebus, see,
King Messiah, cometh He;
With His cross to bless and save,
With His cross to spoil the grave.

He shall speak, and earth shall hear;
Rending rock shall quake with fear,
And the waking dead shall come
From the silence of the tomb.
Shaken heavens and shattered earth
Then shall rise to second birth.

To the kingdom promised long,
With its shining angel throng,
Righteous vengeance to fulfil,
Recompense for good and ill,
Adam's race from dust to call,
Lo, He cometh, Judge of all!

Then the glory to His own!
Then the kingdom and the crown!
Then the sinner's hope shall close,
Then begin his endless woes;

Then he knocks, but knocks in vain,—
Who shall break his iron chain?

Earth is fleeing, fleeing fast,
And its beauty fades at last;
O beloved, then, awake,
Bonds of carnal slumber break:
Wake, beloved, watch and pray
While remains one hour of day!

Death, it cometh; oh beware!
Judgment cometh; oh prepare!
Stedfast, stedfast let us stand,
For the Judge is nigh at hand:
Stedfast let us rest each night,
Stedfast wake at morning light.

Glory, glory, glory be,
Gracious God and Lord, to Thee!
To the Father and the Son,
To the Spirit, Three in One:
Thus we now Thy mercy praise,
Thus through everlasting days.

—o—

OUR EVENING HYMN.

Imitated from the Greek, which commences thus:

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθὼν
Εὐχαριστῶ σοὶ Κύριε.[1]

THE day is done!
I thank Thee, Lord, alone.

[1] See Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, vol. iii p. 127.

'Tis evening, and I cry,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh,
This night from sin me keep,
Preserve me while I sleep.

The day is gone!
I bless Thee, mighty One.
'Tis evening, and I cry,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh,
This night from ill me keep,
Preserve me while I sleep.

The day is gone!
I praise Thee, Holy One.
'Tis evening, and I cry,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh,
This night from plots me keep,
Preserve me while I sleep.

Light to these eyes afford,
O Christ, my God and Lord!
Dispel my soul's death-gloom,
Lest I should sleep in death ere day,
Lest my great foe should boast and say,
I have him overcome!

Defend my soul, O God!
For snares beset my road:
Thou art my help alone.
Deliver me from sin and fear,
Preserve me in my peril here,
O good and gracious One!

BATTLE-SONG AGAINST SATAN.

Imitated from Ephraem (the Syrian).

JEHOVAH, judge my cause,
Avenge me of my foe;
Fight against Satan and his host,
Oh lay the strong one low!

I have cast off his yoke,
Renounced his cursèd sway;
For this he doubly hates, and longs
To seize me as his prey.

To Thee, and to Thy cross,
For help, O Lord, I flee:
He must prevail, if Thou do not,
O Lord, deliver me!

For Thou hast vanquished him;
Let him not conquer me;
Put him to shame, O Lord my God;
Give me the victory.

It is not strength that wins,
My weakness is my shield;
In lowly trust we fight the fight,
And meekness wins the field.

Give me the lowly heart,
Cast out each thought of pride;
Let gentleness and love come in,
And as my guests abide.

Thy will, not mine, be done;
I would not choose my own;
But let me ever, ever be
Thy servant, Lord, alone.

Jesus, to Thee I flee;
Jesus, Thy cross I clasp:
Save me from Satan's hellish power,
Oh pluck me from his grasp.

So shall I praise Thee, Lord,
And Thy great name adore,
With Father and with Spirit one,
For ever, evermore.

—o—

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

"O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord."—JER. xxii. 29.

(From the Latin.)

GIVE ear, O earth! Give ear,
Depths of the mighty sea!
Give ear, O man! Give ear,
All 'neath the sun that be!

The day of wrath draws near,
The dreadful day of doom;
The sinner's bitter day,
It maketh haste to come.

Then shall these ancient skies
  Roll up and pass away;
The sun shall blush, and hide
  Its face in dread dismay.

The moon shall change and flee,
  The noon grow dark as night;
The stars shall fall to earth,
  In wild and sore affright.

Alas! alas! alas!
  To whom, in that great day,
Shall the sad sinner flee?
  On whom for refuge stay?

Lost, lost, for ever lost!
  Too late! too late! he cries;
Lost, lost, for ever lost!
  The second death he dies.

O Jesu, save and bless!
  O Son of God on high!
Then safe in Thee we live,
  And safe in Thee we die.

Safe to the holy hills,
  Safe to the city blest;
Safe from the toil below,
  Thou leadest to Thy rest.

DE MORTE.

(Imitation of the Latin.)

IN midst of this our life,
We are begirt with death:
Our life is but a breath!

To whom, then, shall we come,
Save, Lord, alone to Thee,
In our mortality?

To whom save Thee, O Lord,
Who at our grievous sin
Justly hast angry been?

O holy, holy God,
O holy Majesty,
Jehovah, God most high!

O holy, holy God,
O holy God above,
O holy God of love!

O Saviour of the lost,
From second death us save,
And from the endless grave!

THE AFTER-SUPPER HYMN.

This is the Greek hymn called τὸ ἀπόδειπνον, and corresponds with the Latin Completorium, or midnight hymn. See Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, vol. iii. p. 48; also, Suicer's *Thesaurus Ecclesiasticus* on the word ἀπόδειπνον.

ATTEND, ye heavens!
Attend, and I will speak,
I will the Christ proclaim!
Of Him, the virgin-born,
Who sojourned here in flesh,
I will declare the name.

Let us go forth!
Let us go forth with Christ
To Olivet's dear hill;
In spirit with our Lord,
And His apostles twelve;
There pitch our tents we will!

Think, O my soul,
And cast high thoughts away,
What thy Lord spake while here,—
Two grinding at the mill,
One taken and one left,—
Oh watch and fear!

Prepare thyself!
Make ready, O my soul,
For thy departing hour!
The Judge, the righteous Judge,
The Judge of quick and dead,
Standeth before the door!

HYMN OF NIGHT.

(From the Latin.)

NIGHT and darkness cover all
Heaven and earth with cloudy pall;
But the light comes in, and lo,
All the sky is in a glow!
Christ has come, the Star of day!
Night and darkness flee away!

Cloven by the piercing gleam
Of the Day-star's rising beam,
Earth's long gloom is rent, and lo,
All creation is aglow
With the colours hither borne
From the radiant lamp of morn!

Thee, O Christ, alone we know;
Other suns are none below.
All the night to Thee we cry;
Hear our tears, our song, our sigh.
Watch our senses through the night,
Keep us till the morning light.

Night's hues thickly round us lie,
Blotting earth and sea and sky.
Star of morning, send Thy light,
Purge these deep-dyed stains of night;
Show Thy face, and with its ray
Shine these shadows into day!

NIGHT HYMN BEFORE THE SABBATH.

(From the Latin.)

IN the dark and silent night,
Ere has broke the lonely light,
We arise, to Thee to pay,
Lord, the service of this day.

Holy Comforter, to Thee
Our glad praises offer we;
With the eternal Father one,
One with the eternal Son.

Pity this frail flesh of ours,
Which, with all his subtle powers,
The old tempter would assail:
Let him not, O Lord, prevail.

Lord, to Thee the flock pertains;
Let it not be held in chains:
Thou, O Jesus, with Thy blood,
Hast redeemed that flock to God.

Loving, gracious Shepherd, keep
Watch o'er these Thy wand'ring sheep;
Bring them to the fold above
On the shoulders of Thy love.

Smite the hellish enemy,
Bid the prince of darkness flee;
Drive the robber-fiend away,
From his jaws oh pluck the prey.

Triumph now, O Christ, our Lord!
Angel-choirs, with glad accord,
Sound the praises of our King,
Holy, holy, holy, sing.

Glory to the Father give;
Glory to the equal Son;
Glory to the Spirit give,
While eternal ages run!

—o—

PENTECOSTAL HYMN.

(From the Latin.)

COME, heavenly Spirit, come!
Kind Father of the poor;
The Giver and the gift,
Enter my lowly door!
Be guest within my heart,
Nor ever hence depart.

Thou the eternal Truth,
Into dark hearts steal in,
True Light, give light to souls
Sunk in the night of sin;
True Strength, put forth Thy power
For us in evil hour!

Ours is a world of wiles,
Of beauteous vanities;
Come, and in us destroy
Its fair impurities,

Lest by its tempting arts
From Thee it steal our hearts!

Unveil Thy glorious self
  To us, O Holy One,
That Thou into our hearts
  May shine, Thyself alone!
Saved from earth's vanities,
To Thee we long to rise.

Renew us, Holy One!
  O purge us in Thy fire;
Refine us, heavenly flame,
  Consume each low desire;
Prepare us as a sacrifice,
Well-pleasing in Thine eyes.

Far from Thee we have lived,
  Exiles from home and Thee;
Oh bring us back in love!
  End our captivity.
Be Thou the way we wend,
Be Thou that way's blest end!

Glory to the Father be,
  Glory to the equal Son,
Glory to the Spirit be,
  Glory to the Three in One!
Spirit, 'tis Thy breath divine
Makes these hearts to burn and shine.

HYMN TO CHRIST.

Imitated from one of the Iambics of Gregory Nazianzene, beginning,—

Πάλιν προσῆλθεν ὁ δράκων.

AGAIN the tempter comes! to Thee I cling;
The old serpent comes! I see his deadly sting:
Hide me, oh hide me, Christ, beneath Thy sheltering wing!

Oh hold me, hold me, Lord; do not betray
Thine image; cast me not, O Christ, away,
Lest, like the nestling bird, he seize me as his prey!

Ah, that great judgment-day! and yet to go
I long; pursued each hour with woe on woe,
I find no place of rest, no refuge here below!

Thou call'st me hence; but oh, my faith is small;
O Christ, I am Thy servant, Thou my all!
Keep me, oh keep Thine own, till the last trumpet call!

Memories of the East.

MEMORIES OF THE EAST.

MOUNT HOR.

NUMBERS XX. 23–29.

THEY have left the camp, with its tents outspreading,
Like a garden of lilies on Edom's plain;
They are climbing the mountain, in silence treading
A path which *one* shall not tread again.
Two aged brothers the way are leading,
There follows a youth in the solemn train.

O'er a sister's bier they have just been bending;
The desert prophetess sleeps hard by.
With her toilsome sojourn nearly ending,
With Judah's mountains before her eye,
The echoes of Kadesh and Canaan blending,
She has calmly turned her aside to die!

They come not to gaze on the matchless glory,
On grandeur the like of which earth has not—
A billowy ocean of mountains hoary,
A chaos of cliffs round this awful spot;
A vision like that in some old-world story,
Too terrible ever to be forgot.

The desert rainbow that gleams before ye,
  But leaves your solitude doubly bleak;
The shadows of sunset fall ghastly o'er ye;
  Cliff frowns upon cliff, and peak on peak:
O rocks of the desolate, lean and hoary,
  What lip of man can your grandeur speak!

Splintered, and blasted, and thunder-smitten,
  Not a smile above, nor a hope below;
Shivered, and scorched, and hunger-bitten,
  No earthly lightning has seamed your brow:
On each stone the Avenger's pen has written
  Horror and ruin, and death and woe.

The king and the priest move on unspeaking,
  The desert-priest and the desert-king;
'Tis a grave, a mountain-grave they are seeking,
  Fit end of a great life-wandering!
And here, till the day of the glory-streaking,
  This desert-eagle must fold his wing.

The fetters of age have but lightly bound him,
  This bold sharp steep he can bravely breast;
With his six-score wondrous years around him,
  He climbs like youth to the mountain's crest.
The mortal moment at last has found him,
  Willing to tarry, yet glad to rest.

Is that a tear-drop his dim eye leaving,
  As he looks his last on yon desert sun?
Is that a sigh his faint bosom heaving,
  As he lays his ephod in silence down?

'Twas a passing mist, to his sky still cleaving;
But the sky has brightened—the cloud is gone!

In his shroud of rock they have gently wound him,
'Tis a Bethel-pillow that love has given;
I see no gloom of the grave around him,
The deathbed fetters have all been riven:
'Tis the angel of life, not of death, that has found him,
And this is to him the gate of heaven.

He has seen the tombs of old Mizraim's wonder,
Where the haughty Pharaohs embalmed recline;
But no pyramid tomb, with its costly grandeur,
Can once be compared with this mountain-shrine;
No monarch of Memphis is swathed in splendour,
High priest of the desert, like this of thine.

Not with thy nation thy bones are lying,
Nor Israel's hills shall thy burial see;
Yet with Edom's vultures around thee flying,
Safe and unrifled thy dust shall be:
Oh who would not covet so calm a dying,
And who would not rest by the side of thee?

Not with thy fathers thy slumber tasting;
From sister and brother thou seem'st to flee;

Not in Shechem's plain are thy ashes wasting,
Not in Machpelah thy grave shall be.
In the land of the stranger thy dust is resting;
Yet who would not sleep by the side of thee?

Alone and safe, in the happy keeping
Of rocks and sands, till the glorious morn,
They have laid thee down for thy lonely sleeping,
Waysore and weary and labour-worn;
While faintly the sound of a nation's weeping
From the vale beneath thee is upward borne.

As one familiar with gentle sorrow,
With a dirge-like wailing the wind goes by,
And echo lovingly seems to borrow
The plaintive note of the mourner's cry,
Which comes to-day and is gone to-morrow,
Leaving nought for thee but the stranger's sigh.

Alone and safe, in the holy keeping
Of Him who holdeth the grave's cold key,
They have laid thee down for the blessed sleeping,
The quiet rest which His dear ones see.
And why o'er thee should *we* weep the weeping;
For who would not rest by the side of thee?

Three Hebrew cradles, the Nile palms under,
Rocked three sweet babes upon Egypt's plain;

Three desert-graves must these dear ones sunder,
Three sorrowful links of a broken chain,
Kadesh and Hor, and Nebo yonder,—
Three waymarks now for the pilgrim-train.

Are these my waymarks, these tombs of ages?
Are these my guides to the land of rest?
Are these grim rock-tombs the stony pages,
Which show how to follow the holy blest,
And bid me rise 'bove each storm that rages,
Like a weary dove to its olive nest?

Is death my way to the home undying?
Is the desert my path to the Eden plain?
Are these lone links that are round me lying,
To be gathered, and all re-knit again?
And is there beyond this land of sighing
A refuge for ever from death and pain?

On this rugged cliff, while the sun is dying
Behind yon majestic mountain wall,
I stand,—not a cloudlet above me flying,
Not a foot is stirring, no voices call,—
A traveller lonely, a stranger, trying
To muse o'er this wondrous funeral.

In silence we stand till the faint stars cover
This grave of ages. Yes, thus would we
Still look and linger, and gaze and hover
About this cave where thy dust may be.
Great priest of the desert, thy toil is over,
And who would not rest by the side of thee?

And night, the wan night is bending over
  The twilight couch of the dying day,
With dewy eyes, like a weeping lover,
  That doats on the beauty that will not stay,
And sighs that the mould so soon must cover
  Each golden smile of the well-loved clay.

The night of ages bends softly o'er us,—
  Four thousand autumns have well-nigh fled;
Love watches still the old tomb before us
  Of sainted dust in its mountain-bed,
Till the longed-for trump shall awake the chorus,
  From desert and field, of the blessed dead.

—o—

A DESERT MIDNIGHT.

THE dew is on my tent to-night,
  Last night it was the rain;
And so I lay me down in hope
  Of a sunny morn again.

The stars spread out above my head,
  Around me the grey sand;
The fires are crackling keen and sharp
  Of our swarthy Arab band.

And moving up the sky's clear arch,
  Across the mountain towers,
The moon, unshaded and unveiled,
  Scatters her silver showers.

The palm-trees, with their stately crowns,
Stand sheathed in quivering gleams,
Like fountain-jets that rise and fling
Far round their arching streams.

The bare rough peaks that notch the blue,
And watch the stars of night,
Throw their wild shadows o'er our tents,
And hide the welcome light.

Mantled in moonlight, how they rise,
Their wild slopes deadly pale,
Like withered age wrapt thinly round
With childhood's fairy veil!

Far down the heavens the north star gleams
Almost upon the rim
Of yon far mountain walls, that rise
With outline faint and dim.

O desert-silence! is there aught
Upon this earth like thee?
O desert-moonlight! is there aught
So calm and fair and free?

How sweet the notes of living song
From this wild vale arise!
How quickly do they seem to pierce
These low, clear, silent skies!

With buoyant power each word ascends,
Unhindered in its flight;

How near the gates of heaven appear!
The way, how plain and bright!

—o—

MARAH AND ELIM.

EXOD. XV. 23-27.

TO-DAY 'tis Elim, with its palms and wells,
And happy shade for desert weariness;
'Twas Marah yesterday, all rock and sand,
Unshaded solitude and bitterness.

Yet the same desert holds them both; the same
Soft breezes wander o'er the lonely ground;
The same low stretch of valley shelters both,
And the same mountains compass them around.

So is it here with us on earth; and so
I do remember it has ever been:
The bitter and the sweet, the grief and joy,
Lie near together, but a day between.

Sometimes God turns our bitter into sweet;
Sometimes He gives us pleasant water-springs;
Sometimes He shades us with His pillar-cloud,
And sometimes to a blessed palm-shade brings.

What matters it? The time will not be long,
Marah and Elim will alike be past;
Our desert-wells and palms will soon be done;
We reach the city of our God at last.

O happy land, beyond these lonely hills,
Where gush in joy the everlasting springs!
O holy paradise, above these heavens,
Where we shall end our desert wanderings!

—o—

THE MOUNTAINS OF MOAB.

DARK hills of Moab! flinging down
Your shadows on this gloomy vale;
Wild chasms! through which the desert wind
Rushes in everlasting wail.

Mountains of silence, keeping watch
Above this stagnant, sullen wave,
Where sunshine seems to smile in vain
O'er Sodom's melancholy grave!

Day's youngest beauty and its last
Bathes your broad foreheads, stern and bare;
Yet all unsoftened is their frown,
No cheer, no love, no beauty there.

I may not climb your awful slopes;
Yet, standing on this hungry shore,
By this poor reed-brake of the sand,
I count your shadows o'er and o'er.

In this lone lake your ancient roots
Lie steeped in bitterness and death;
Your summits rise all verdureless,
Scorched by its hot and hellish breath.

Yon sea! its molten silver spreads,
And steams into the burning air;
Yon sunlight that across it plays,
How sad, and yet how strangely fair!

Haunt of old riot and lewd song,
When Sodom spread its splendour here!
O sea of wrath, how silent now!
The shroud of cities and their bier.

O valley of the shade of death!
O sea, of ancient sin the tomb!
O hills, sin's hoary monument,
And type of the eternal doom!

Well might the prophet's curse have come
From peaks where horrors only dwell,
And idol-altars smoke on cliffs
That seem the very gates of hell!

And yet ye gaze on Judah's vales,
Ye hear the rush of Jordan's flood;
Ye looked on Zion's palace-hill,
And saw the temple of our God.

THE DESERT JOURNEY.

SAFE across the waters,
Here in peace we stand,
See the wrecks of Egypt
Strewed along the sand.

Safe across the waters,
Foes for ever gone,
Now we march in safety,
God our guide alone.

'Tis the silent desert,
Sand and rock and waste;
But the chain is broken,
And the peril past.

Onward, then, right onward!
This our watchword still,
Till we reach the glory
Of the wondrous hill.

For the journey girded,
Haste we on our way,
The pillar-cloud above us,
Guide by night and day.

Burning skies bend o'er us,
Beneath the burning soil;
Jehovah ever near us
In our thirst and toil.

On through waste and blackness,
O'er our desert road,
On till Sinai greets us,
Mountain of our God.

On past Edom's valley,
Moab's mountain-wall,
Jordan's sea-broad rushings,
The pillar-cloud o'er all.

Past the palm-shaded city,
Rock and hill our road,
On till Salem greets us,
City of our God!

—o—

THE SONGS OF THE LAND.

GIVE praise to God!
Grey Lebanon, with all thy snows and streams,
Cedars and pines, and everlasting clouds;
Bright Hermon, with the day-spring on thy brow,
And silver streamlets leaping round thy feet,—
Shout forth thy ceaseless praise!

Give praise to God!
Bright Galilee, with ever-smiling lake,
And villages amid your silent hills,

Nestling in quiet loveliness, girt round
With spiky cactus or green-spreading olive,
Send up your song of praise!

Give praise to God!
Rich Carmel, with your wooded slopes and vales,
Looking afar upon the western main,
The place of incense and of sacrifice,
The haunt of prophets, and the mount of prayer,
Lift up your voice in song!

Give praise to God!
Calm Olivet, with Salem at thy feet,
And Bethany upon thy sunny slope,
And the old echoes of a thousand psalms
Floating around thee in the mellow sunset,
Wake up your voice and sing!

Give praise to God!
Valleys and hills of sacred Palestine,
Dear land of heavenly thought and glorious deed,
The centre and the glory of all realms,
The earthly home of God's incarnate Son,
Praise ye the Lord our God!

JORDAN BY MOONLIGHT.

MOONLIGHT upon this sacred stream!
How softly glad its waters gleam,
Like infant's smile or childhood's dream,—
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon the shaggy wood,
That, age on age, has calmly stood,
Fringing this river's holy flood,—
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon these hills of gloom,
Old Moab's watch-tower and his tomb,
Each peak a monumental dome,—
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon the lone unrest
Of yon dark sea's slow-heaving breast,
Unloved, untenanted, unblest,—
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon these yellow sands,
Where yon wan ruin crumbling stands,
The savage home of Arab bands,—
Beautiful!

Moonlight on yon far western height,
At whose green base, a gem of light,
Jerusalem sits fair and bright,—
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon yon nearer hill,
Whence springs the prophet-healèd rill,
Fruitful and sweet, and pleasant still,—
Beautiful!

Moonlight in yonder matchless sky,
In which, bright bending from on high,
Star seems with star in light to vie,—
Beautiful!

Moonlight on Pisgah's watch-tower grand,
Whence the loved prophet saw the land
Stretching afar from strand to strand,—
Beautiful!

Moonlight on Nebo's peak and cave,
Where, looking down on Jordan's wave,
God for His prophet dug the grave,—
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon my lonely tent,
Which, like some marble monument,
Gleams to a spotless firmament,—
Beautiful!

—o—

BETHEL DREAM-LAND.

CALMLY resting from thy toil
On this lonely spot,
Sleeping, dreaming, happy saint,
Earth and time forgot;

On this rocky waste thou liest,—
Thine the blessed lot!
Soaring dreamer, on thee shine
Rays of love and joy divine,—
What a dream-land now is thine!

Who would not sleep on such a bed,
With stony pillow for his head,
If they might dream with thee,
Whose glad dreaming is no seeming,
Nor whose sleeping ends in weeping,
And whose waking is no breaking
Of the bright reality!

Nearer to thy God in sleep,
Tasting fellowship more deep,
Entering heaven in glorious dreams,
Drinking there of living streams,
Meeting angel-friends above,
Greeting them in peace and love,
Hearing songs unheard on earth,
Songs of everlasting mirth:
Who that dream would seek to break?
Who from such a sleep would wake?

—o—

VILLAGE OF SILOAM.

POOR village! rich in name alone,
Memorial of THE SENT of God,
The Father's everlasting Son,
Whose holy feet these slopes have trod.

Above thee towers grey Olivet,
Beneath, dark Hinnom's vale I see,
Before thee Salem's wall and gate,
And at thy side Gethsemane.

Siloam! know THE SENT of God,
And learn the meaning of thy name;
Oh give the Sent One an abode,
Know who He is and whence He came!

So shall He come and bless thee now,
So shall He end thy gloomy night;
So shall He make thy joy o'erflow,
And fill thee with His glorious light.

Rude village of the rock and tomb,
Daily before thy heedless eyes,
Memorial of the sinner's doom,
The ruins of old Zion rise.

And daily, on Moriah's slope,
In yon sad wall, each massive stone,
Like tomb-words on the grave of hope,
Tells of the glory past and gone.

Across the vale, yon ruined pool
Speaks of the eye-restoring might
Of Him whose mercy, ever full,
Yearns still to bless thee with His light.

BETHLEHEM.

THEY speak to me of princely Tyre,
That old Phœnician gem,
Great Sidon's daughter of the north;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Rome and Babylon,—
What can compare with them?
So let them praise their pride and pomp;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They praise the hundred-gated Thebes,
Old Mizraim's diadem,
The city of the sand-girt Nile;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Athens, star of Greece,
Her hill of Mars, her Academe,
Haunts of old wisdom and fair art;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

Dear city, where heaven met with earth,
Whence sprang the rod from Jesse's stem,
Where Jacob's star first shone,—of thee
I'll speak, O happy Bethlehem!

—o—

ZION'S MORNING.

ZION, awake!
Thy night is at an end,

Thy dawn has come,
Thy sun at last has risen;
Above thee once again
The glory rests:
Arise and shine!

Ages of troubled sleep,
Long years of feverish dreams,
Have been thy lot, since first,
From the deep blood-filled cup,
In madness thou didst drain
Wine of astonishment,
And the dark sleep began.

The Roman battle-axe
Has thundered at thy gates,
The Roman torch laid low
Thy marble shrine;
The Roman plough thy sides
Has furrowed o'er and o'er,—
Yet thou hast slept!

The tramp of Moslem feet,
Clang of crusading steel,
The sound of endless war,
Voices of foe and friend,
The wailing of thy sons,
Have all been vain,—
Thou hast not waked!

At length, awake, arise!
Put on thy glorious strength,

In beauty deck thyself;
Go forth to meet thy King,
Who comes in love and might,
In majesty and joy,—
Thine own anointed King!

—o—

ZION, AWAKE!

BREAK forth in song, long-silent earth,
Take up the unforgotten strain;
Spread over vale and hill the mirth
That tells of time begun again!

Awake, Jerusalem, rejoice!
Thy night is glimmering into noon,
Zion, arise, lift up thy voice,
Thy sorrows shall be ended soon!

Sounds the deep vesper-bell of time,
Through earth's last tempest slowly borne;
For *thee* it is the matin-chime,
And to thy sons the note of morn.

Arise, put on thy robe of white!
Deck thee with beauty; let each gem
Sparkle its fairest to the light;
Put on thy crown, Jerusalem!

Thy widowhood is over now!
Strip off thy weeds; in bridal gold

And orient pearls thy glory show,
More regal than in days of old.

Upon thee now the Bridegroom pours
The fulness of an unquenched love;
He leads thee where the endless stores
Of His own gladness thou shalt prove.

He comes, with His own hand to press
Each wrinkle from thy careworn brow;
'Tis joy, and song, and mirth, and bliss,
All Hallel and Hosanna now.

—o—

JERUSALEM'S DAY-SPRING.

THY light is come!
Zion, arise and shine!
On thee has risen at length
The glory of the Lord,
The glory of thy God.

Lo, darkness covers earth
With universal veil!
Thick darkness overspreads
The nations near and far,
Darkness that may be felt.

On thee, thy glorious Sun,
Jehovah, shall arise;
O'er thee, when all is night,
His glory shall be seen,
Bright herald of the dawn.

To thee the nations crowd,
And in thy light they walk;
Zion, to thee they look,
Kings to thy brightness come,
Great day-spring of the world.

No more shall violence
Be heard within thy walls;
The spoiler is no more.
Thy walls salvation thou
Shalt call, and thy gates praise.

No more thy skies shall need
The splendour of this sun;
Thy noon is ever fair:
No more thy happy night
Shall need this earthly moon.

Jehovah is thy light,
Thy everlasting Sun;
Thy God thy glory is.
Thy days of mourning now
Are at an end for aye.

Awake, put on thy strength!
Zion, awake, arise!
Put on thy raiment fair,
Holy Jerusalem,
The city of the King!

No more, no more the foe
Shall pass within thy gates,

Never again the unclean
Shall tread thy blessed streets.
Zion, thy King is come!

The wilderness shall bloom,
The desolate place be glad,
The desert shall rejoice,
And blossom as the rose;
For all is gladness then.

To Zion then, with songs,
The ransomed of the Lord
Returns, and endless joy;
Sorrow and sighing all
Have fled away for ever.

Now with Jerusalem
Rejoice ye and be glad,
All ye that love her peace;
Rejoice for joy with her,
Ye who for her have mourned!

Behold, now I create
New heavens, new earth;
Rejoice, for I create
Jerusalem a joy,
A joy for evermore!

—o—

FEAR NOT, DAUGHTER OF ZION.

FEAR not, thou daughter of Zion!
He cometh, He cometh, thy King;

He cometh in lowly greatness:
Lift up thy voice and sing!

He hast'neth with love and blessing,
With glory and light to thee;
'Tis the day of the great salvation,
'Tis the year of jubilee.

As the Prince of peace He cometh,
The Desire of the nations He;
As the Bridegroom He appeareth
At midnight. Awake and see!

As the King of earth He cometh,
As the theme of creation's song;
Let heaven begin the chorus,
And earth its notes prolong!

He cometh to spoil the spoiler,
To avenge and judge and reign;
He cometh to bind the strong one
In the everlasting chain.

He came once in shame and weakness,
As the bearer of human sin;
He cometh in royal splendour,
His kingdom to begin.

He hath gone to receive His sceptre,
He returns as the crownèd king;
Break forth, O creation, in triumph,
Oh, lift up thy voice and sing!

Fear thou not, daughter of Zion,
And fear not, thou burdened earth,
The day of redemption cometh,
The day of thy second birth!

—o—

SEEK THE THINGS ABOVE.

SIGH not for palm and vine,
Nor for the sun-loved land which palm and vine are shading;
Call not its verdure glorious and unfading,
Nor its bright air delicious and divine!
That chiller land of thine,
Where spring the oak and pine,
Without or palm or vine,
Or glossy olive-grove,
Is worthier of thy love.

Sigh not for cloudless skies,
Nor for the magic vales o'er which these skies are bending;
Praise not the glowing orb which every hour is sending
Its light-flood, never ebbing, never ending,
On the fair paradise
That underneath it lies;
Pouring o'er earth and sea
Its breathless brilliancy;
Filling the summer air
With its untempered glare.

Love thine own happier land,—
The greenest land which earth's clear streams
are washing,
The freshest shore on which earth's sea is
dashing.
Covet no sunnier strand,
Gleaming with golden sand.
If thou wilt still be sighing
For fairer climes than this,
For realms of richer bliss,
Sigh for the land of the undying,
On which no blight nor curse is lying,
Where all is holiness
And everlasting peace;
Where God, upon His throne,
Gives joy for aye;
The Lamb, the Light and Sun,
Sheds glorious day.

—o—

THE GAIN OF LOSS.

NAY, give me back my blossoms,
Said the palm-tree to the Nile;
But the stream passed on unheeding,
With its old familiar smile.

Give back my golden ringlets,
Said the palm-tree to the Nile;
But the stream swept by in silence,
With its dimple and its smile.

With its dimple and its smile it passed,
With its dimple and its smile,
All heedless of the palm's low wail,
That sunny, sunny Nile!

By Rodah's island-garden,
With its ripple and its smile;
By Shubra's myrtle hedgerows,
It swept, that glorious Nile!

By Gizeh's great palm-forest
It flashed its stately smile;
By Bulak's river-harbour,
That old majestic Nile!

By pyramid and palace,
With its never-ending smile;
By tomb, and mosque, and mazar,
It flowed, that mighty Nile!

Come, give me back my blossoms,
Sighed the palm-tree to the Nile;
But the river flowed unheeding,
With its soft and silver smile.

With its soft and silver smile it flowed,
With its soft and silver smile,
All heedless of the palm-tree's sigh,
That strange, long-wandering Nile!

It seemed to say, 'Tis better far
To leave your flowers to me;

I will bear their yellow beauty on
To the wondering, wondering sea.

'Tis better they should float away
Upon my dusky wave,
Than find upon their native stem
A useless home and grave.

If your sweet flowers remain with you,
Fruitless your boughs must be;
'Tis their departure brings the fruit:
Give your bright flowers to me.

Nay, ask not back your blossoms,
To the palm-tree said the Nile;
Let me keep them, said the river,
With its sweet and sunny smile.

And the palm gave up its blossoms
To its friend so wise and old,
And saw them all, unsighing,
Float down the river's gold.

The amber tresses vanished,
And the dear spring-fragrance fled,
But the welcome fruit in clusters
Came richly up instead.

'Tis thus we gain by losing,
And win by failure here;
We doff the gleaming tinsel,
The golden crown to wear.

Our sickness is our healing,
  Our weakness is our might;
Life is but death's fair offspring,
  And day the child of night.

'Tis thus we rise by setting,
  Thro' darkness reach our day,
Our own ways hourly losing,
  To find the eternal way.

'Tis by defeat we conquer,
  Grow rich by growing poor;
And from our largest givings
  We draw our fullest store.

Then let the blossoms perish,
  And let the fragrance go;
All the surer and the larger
  Is the harvest we shall know.

All the sweeter and the louder
  Our song of harvest-home,
When earth's ripe autumn smileth,
  And the reaping-day has come.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
Again the tempter comes! to Thee I cling,	172
All night we watched the ebbing life,	145
Amid the shadows and the fears,	101
Angel-voices sweetly singing,	62
Apostles of the risen Christ, go forth!	92
Art thou a saint? and doth,	122
Ascend, Beloved, to the joy,	20
At last!	141
Attend, ye heavens!	167
Bathed in unfallen sunlight,	16
Be still, my soul; Jehovah loveth thee,	12
Beckon us upward, ever-soaring clouds,	128
Begin the day with God!	104
Beyond the hills where suns go down,	108
Bits of gladness and of sorrow,	6
Break forth in song, long-silent earth,	194
Calmly resting from thy toil,	180
Christ has done the mighty work!	130

PAGE

Come and hear the grand old story, . . . 135
Come, for thy day, thy wasted day, is closing, . 29
Come, heavenly Spirit, come! 170
Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate, ... 129

Dark hills of Moab! flinging down, . . . 183
Death worketh, ... 47
Deep down beneath the unresting surge, . . 64
Descend, O sinner, to the woe! 22
Dropping down the troubled river, . . . 78

Earth's lamps are growing dim, ... 75

Fear not the foe, thou flock of God, . . . 81
Fear not, thou daughter of Zion! . . . 197
For lack of love I languish, ... 88
From this bleak hill of storms, ... 82

Give ear, O earth! Give ear, ... 164
Give praise to God! 186
Glory to the glorious One! 159
Gold filleth none! 113
Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth, ... 1

Hand and foot are weary, ... 56
Have faith in truth. 69

PAGE

He is coming; and the tidings, ... 58
He liveth long who liveth well! 83
He who in Christ believeth, ... 25
Help, mighty God! 94
Here in Thy royal presence, Lord, I stand, . 67
Humanity hath sinned! 90

I'm returning, not departing, ... 147
I ask a perfect creed! 142
I came and saw, and hoped to conquer, . . 50
I go to life, and not to death, ... 79
I hear the words of love, ... 99
I know Thou art not far, ... 39
If my bark be strong, ... 11
In midst of this our life, ... 166
In the dark and silent night, ... 169
In the still air the music lies unheard, . . 148
It is not time that flies, ... 51

Jehovah, judge my cause, ... 163
Jerusalem, ... 140
Jesu, Saviour, Son of God, ... 124
Jesu, still the storm! 40
Jesus, sun and shield art Thou, ... 36
Jesus, the Christ of God, ... 27
Jesus, Thou needest me, ... 126
Jesus, Thy love alone, alone Thy love, . . 49

PAGE

Life is the child's frail wreath, ... 71
Lord, Thou art mine, ... 118

Make use of me, my God! 152
Mighty Comforter, to Thee, ... 131
Moonlight upon this sacred stream! 188
My God, it is not fretfulness, ... 5
My watch upon this sea-swept cliff is done! . 54

Nay, give me back my blossoms, ... 200
Night and darkness cover all, ... 168
No blood, no altar now, ... 28
No joy is true, save that which hath no end, . 18
Not from Jerusalem alone, ... 14
Not so quickly, fretted spirit, ... 47
Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art! . 41
Not what these hands have done, ... 111

O ever-earnest sun! 97
O everlasting Light, ... 32
O Light of light, shine in! 110
O love of God, how strong and true! . . . 33
O love that casts out fear, ... 133
O strong to save and bless, ... 76
O this soul, how dark and blind! 30
On this bare ocean-islet, ... 52

PAGE

Poor village! rich in name alone, . . . 190
Praises to Him who built the hills, . . . 26

Safe across the waters, ... 185
Show me the tears, the tears of tender love, . 102
Sigh not for palm and vine, ... 199
Silent, like men in solemn haste, . . . 120
Smooth every wave this heart within, . . 120
Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of His face, . 91
Sorrow weeps! 98
Source of all love and power, ... 130
Speak, lips of mine! 109
Surely, if such a thing could be, . . . 37

Tears are not always fruitful; their hot drops, . 138
The Bridegroom comes! 134
The day is done! 161
The dew is on my tent to-night, . . . 180
The last long note has sounded, . . . 60
The stream was deeper than I thought, . . 2
The tomb is empty: wouldst thou have it full, . 44
They have left the camp, with its tents outspreading, ... 175
They speak to me of princely Tyre, . . . 192
This day of war and weariness, ... 149
This is no heaven! 114
Thou must be true thyself, ... 4

PAGE

Thy light is come! 195
'Tis evening now! 133
'Tis the Beloved from the glory calls! . . 107
To-day 'tis Elim, with its palms and wells, . 182
To have each day the thing I wish, . . . 93
To know the Christ of God, ... 87
Trip along, bright feet of May, ... 73
True bread of life, in pitying mercy given, . 35
'Twas summer, and its youngest kiss, . . 151

Up, drowsy hopes and loves! 85
Up now, my soul, 'tis day! 143

Why stand I lingering without, ... 13
Why walk in darkness? Has the dear light
vanished, ... 105
Wrap thyself up in night; speak low, not loud, 153
Wrapped in a Christless shroud, . . . 135

Zion, awake! 192

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